

recommenced his daughter with the extent of his misfortune, and affectionately invited her to devote all her talents to her own future maintenance. It said, been most liberal in conferring on her every advantage and means of improvement in his power; therefore, she was to depend on her own abilities, and conduct solely for a future provision.

THE LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

have been to the surprise of a young and warm-hearted girl. To have her respected father, and independence, highest in the land, could be depressed even the most unyielding spirit; but, as once, and now, —

MARCH, 1828.

MADAME SALA.

PROFESSIONAL celebrity is found so seldom allied with moral excellence, that it is with peculiar pleasure we introduce to our readers the biography of a Lady whose private character, in every relation of life, is as unsullied and as admirable, as her recent theatrical debüt has been flattering and auspicious. We are always ready to admire talent and genius; but when they are found associated with decorous conduct and domestic virtue, we feel that admiration is but a feeble offering;—we acknowledge their claims, and most willingly do homage to their united worth.

Madame Sala was born in 1794, at Demerara, in South America, at that time a Dutch colony; of which settlement her mother was a native. Her father, whose name was Simon, was, by birth, a Prussian, having been born at Dantzic; from whence he emigrated to Demerara as one of the earliest settlers; he was of noble birth; but family misfortunes and political quarrels induced him to leave his own country, and to sojourn in a strange and distant land.

At an early age, Miss Simon was sent to England for education; and had the good fortune to be placed under the care of a lady who did justice in every respect to the charge she had undertaken. After some years spent in England, in the assiduous cultivation of her mind and talents, intelligence reached his daughter that a succession of bad crops, and severe commercial losses, had deprived Mr. Simon of his property. This melancholy intelligence was soon confirmed by a letter from her father himself, in which he most feelingly

acquainted his daughter with the extent of his misfortunes, and affectionately invited her to devote all her talents to her own future maintenance. He had, he said, been most liberal in conferring on her every advantage and means of improvement in his power; from henceforth, therefore, she was to depend on her own abilities and conduct solely for a future provision.

Few can conceive how disappointing such intelligence must have been to the sanguine hopes of a young and warm-hearted girl. To have her expectations of happiness, and independence, blighted in the bud, could not fail to have depressed even the most buoyant spirit; but to be thrown, at once, and unexpectedly, on her own resources,—to have no friend but in her own energy, and no dependence but on her own exertions,—must have proved overwhelming to ordinary minds. To Miss Simon the case was different—she looked with anxiety, indeed, but without despondency, on her situation; she saw all its difficulties, but she contemplated them only with a determination to meet and overcome them.

A residence of so many years in the family of her governess, could not fail to have rendered her character, temper, habits, and feelings, well understood by all around her. We do not, therefore, wonder that M. Sala, the son of the lady by whom she was educated, should have selected her as the object of his choice, and the partner of his life. Such a choice does equal honour to both parties—as testifying a due appreciation, of talent, virtue, and principle. With this gentleman Miss Simon was united in 1813. Of twelve children, the issue of this marriage, only four survive.

M. Sala is a Professor of Dancing, a pupil of the celebrated D'Egville; and has always ranked deservedly high in his profession: but Madame Sala, justly considering the uncertainties of life, and affectionately devoted to the interests of her infant family, has, for many years, given lessons in music and singing in some of the first families in the kingdom, at whose private concerts she has statedly assisted; thus fully meeting the recommendation of her father at the period of his commercial embarrassments, and proving that the advantages and means of improvement which his parental affection had bestowed on her were neither neglected nor unimproved. Dr. Essex, no mean name in the musical world, was

her first master; she then studied under Welsh and Tramezzani; and subsequently under Liverati. Having determined on a wider sphere for the exertion of her talents, Madame Sala has studied under Signor Velluti, to whose attention and care she is greatly indebted for an improved style of singing, and a more complete and scientific management of her voice. The high opinion which this eminent master entertains for the talents and execution of his pupil, may be inferred from the fact that she presides at the piano-forte at his academy.

Under the advice and at the persuasion of several distinguished individuals and eminent professors, this lady was induced to appear on the English stage. At first the attempt appeared impossible; her life had hitherto been domestic and comparatively retired; she was unacquainted with the various arts and schemes by which, unfortunately, popularity is too often attained; nor could she stoop to those petty artifices by which it is sustained. She had the habits, the feelings, and the honour of private life. The interests of her family, however, outweighed every other consideration; for them she had hitherto laboured, and for them she was willing to make this formidable attempt, this sacrifice of private feeling. Accordingly she made a most successful debüt at Covent-garden, on Friday the 14th of December, last year, in the character of the Countess Almiviva in Mozart's opera of *The Marriage of Figaro*.

This character, it is well known, is one of a passive nature; and was chosen, we are informed, by Madame Sala for her first appearance, as less calculated to excite agitation. On this occasion the reception she experienced was most flattering—An able theatrical critic has reported that "she took just view of the character she represented; that her voice is full and sweet; her style of singing, easy and graceful." In her person Madame Sala is not unlike Mrs. C. Kemble; and her manner and deportment, although necessarily shewing the constraint inseparable from a first appearance, bespeak a natural ease and gracefulness. Of the compass, volume and quality of her voice, it is sufficient to say that, without being extraordinary, they are effective. Her success, however, is owing to her style, which cannot fail to command unqualified admiration. She does honour to the school to which she belongs, by the feeling and taste with which she executed her songs. Madame Sala is truly a lady in man-

ners: and her theatrical style is of that sweet, delicate, graceful, and feeling kind, which is calculated to please rather than astonish. Her whole performance was marked by good sense, and that lady-like self-possession, which results from a good understanding with a knowledge of genteel society; "in fact," says one of the best musical critics of the day, "we could scarcely divest ourselves of the idea that we were listening to a gentlewoman in her own drawing-room."

A second appearance on Tuesday, January 1st, was equally successful.—We can now congratulate both Madame Sala, and the public on her appearance. To herself it must have been highly gratifying and satisfactory; and will, we trust, induce her to a more frequent appearance on the stage; whilst the public cannot but rejoice at an addition to those performers whose talents minister to their pleasure, and whose private respectability tends to redeem the stage from the odium under which it labours through the too frequent folly, imprudence, and immorality of its professors.

D. D.

CLARA REEVE.

WE do not recollect seeing, in the short biography of this lady, prefixed to her "Old English Baron," any notice of a work written after that, and sent up to London for Publication: we are therefore inclined to think that only her particular friends knew of the existence of such a work, which, to the infinite grief of its author, was *lost* in its journey to town. She had sent it to the publisher per coach; it never reached him: upon enquiry nothing could be heard of the packet, and the authoress either had not a duplicate copy of the MS. or possibly had neither time nor spirits to transcribe again (fairly) her production from the first draught. She was much mortified at the loss of this work, from which she expected to derive more fame and emolument than from her beautiful "Old English Baron." It is difficult to say whether her hopes would have been realised had the novel appeared; authors are seldom proper judges of their own works, and as none of this talented female's subsequent productions seems likely to descend to posterity with her "Gothic Story," it is probable the loss of her MS. though extremely discouraging, was neither an injury to the world nor herself, so great as she imagined.

THE SIX CALENDARS;

OR,

SKETCHES OF LIFE, FROM THE KNIGHT'S CELL OF THE UNITED
SERVICE CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(Continued from page 72.)

THE FOURTH CALENDAR'S MITE.

My united service, in the goodly cell of my gallant brethren, is rather the fruits of a gleanings over the various quarters of the earth, over which I have been cast more like a pilgrim of the crusade days, than the full harvest of various importations brought by modern tourists. In fact, when I studied at college to take orders, before I presented myself for ordination, a passion seized me to travel in the manner of the philosophers of old, to learn each country in itself; and, particularly, to visit the nations of Christendom; that I might judge for myself of the different degrees of purity with which they hold the faith that is my own; and which I hold, I trust, as a member of the Protestant church, conformable in every way to the primitive and divine doctrines laid down in the holy scriptures themselves.

My brethren of the cell, naval and military, (with some of their fair help-mates to boot, wives, sisters, and daughters) being at present warmly interested in the emancipation of the thousands of amiable and attached families amongst the Greeks, from the terrible oppressions, and yet more horrible domineering vices, of their Mahometan masters, which menace the sacredness of their homes daily; have enquired of me, whether my pilgrimages ever brought me within knowledge of the peculiarities in belief and ritual which distinguish the branch of Christianity called the Greek church, from that of Rome, and those of the Reformation. The question animated my most agreeable remembrances. It revived to my mind, my evening walks in the olive groves of Athens; my morning rambles under the willows of Mesopotamia; my clambering over the caverned rocks of Caucasus; my long sojourn in the Kremlin at Moscow:—And, from my converse in all these places with the sages of the country, I have now thrown together the following little account, (which may be called my mite in the treasury of knowledge!) of a branch of Christendom's Faith, which unites much holy truth, along with many still retained,

splendid, and romantic usages, the remnant of the imaginative customs of ancient Greece.

The Greek church does not lay claim to Infallibility; hence it is perfectly tolerant; and is professed over the following countries:—Greece, which includes the Grecian Isles; Moldavia and Wallachia, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, Georgia, and throughout the whole of the Russian empire. Indeed the Princess Olga, the grandmother of Vlodimer the Great, was the first person of rank in Russia that embraced Christianity; she went to Constantinople to be baptised, and was led to the font by the eastern emperor Constantine Porphyrogenneta, who gave her the canonized name of Helen, and sent her back to her country deeply imbued with the pure doctrines of the Cross. Her grandson, Vlodimer the Great, in after years, became a Christian too; and being baptised Basilus, became the illustrious founder of a long line of Tzars. This change, from paganism to a holy faith, took place in Russia about the middle of the tenth century; and it is rather a curious memorandum of that event, that the present young empress of Russia, (a daughter of the lovely and lamented queen of Prussia, on marrying the Grand-Duke Nicholas, now the Emperor,) assumed the name of Helen, and that she has recently christened her firstborn daughter, Olga.

But I proceed to my sketch of the Greek church; and it being its peculiarities that are enquired after, it is not necessary to say any thing on the points in which it agrees with all other Christian churches; such as the propitiation, redemption, resurrection, &c. &c., so I come at once to its first singularity from the Roman creed—Denial of the Pope's infallible nature, and as head of the Christian faith. It admits, indeed, of invoking the intercession of the Virgin, and of the Apostles; but not as possessing any divine attributes in themselves; rather in the light "of the spirits of the Just made perfect," asking their mediation with their Divine Master, as powerful friends, not as patrons of themselves. Pictures and crucifixes are also used in the Greek churches; not as objects of worship, but as visible remembrancers, and rousers of affection and gratitude towards heavenly beings of which they are the attempted similitudes. There is, certainly, nothing to be found fault with in the intention of the old fathers who instituted these memorials; but experience shews that they have led to a stupid idolatry of the emblems themselves. The en-

lightened scholar understands the meaning of these decorations to the spiritual simplicity of Christianity, and takes the customs of a ritual as they were intended. The ignorant man, on the contrary, accustomed to receive the apprehension of his mind from the impression of his senses mostly, is apt to consider as the actual God, the image of his preserver, whether on canvass, stone, or molten metal, before which he is taught "to bow!" Hence, we see how wise the precept in the decalogue is; "thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, to bow down to it!" for it is a snare to the whole man, through his senses and his imagination. In short, the religion which proceeds from the spirit of man, and is addressed in prayer through the only real mediator, the son of God, to the Invisible Father, who is a spirit, is the only religion that can purify the conduct of man, and render him happy; for it strikes at the root of all evil, by cleansing the heart and soul from all evil thoughts and inclinations.

The Greek creed considers the following seven ordinances peculiarly sacred, calling them mysteries, or sacraments; namely, baptism, which is performed by three immersions of the child in the consecrated water: chrism, or holy unction, which immediately succeeds the baptism, the priest anointing the infant on the principal parts of the body, with the sign of the cross; at the termination of the rite a small gold cross is usually tied round the young christian's neck by the officiating minister. It is not an ordinance, though generally practised; being a memorial to the child through life (for few ever part with it,) of the spiritual cross he has assumed. The eucharist is the third in the order of sacraments, and in celebrating which water is mixed with the wine; laymen receive the bread sopped in the cup; the clergy take the elements separate. Confession comes next; but its principal is, that pardon can come from heaven alone. The ancient patriarchs of this church teach their penitents to confess their sins in secret to God alone, and to consult a priest concerning them only when in need of his counsel to restore in them the spirit of meekness. The doctrines of supererogation, indulgences, and dispensations, are utterly disallowed. Prayers for the dead, are admitted; but not from a belief in purgatory; rather as a tribute of tenderness towards the departed friend; and an awful reminder of the soul's responsibility hereafter, for the deeds done in the flesh, and therefore a striking warning to the survivors.

Marriage is also regarded as a sacrament, and its ceremonial, as used in the Greek church, need only be seen to establish a conviction in the spectator's mind of this church's great antiquity. At every step in the celebration, you recognise some ancient Jewish rite, mingled with the nuptial ceremonies of Heathen Greece. The hymeneal torch, chaplets of flowers, the veil, and hallowed cup, all are still preserved, yet presenting the modest bride like another Psyche. The solemnities of marriage, are three. They were formerly, (as in the manner of the ancient Jews,) celebrated as distinct offices, at certain intervals of time; but in modern days they are usually performed in immediate succession, as in one service. The first office is called the espousals, or betrothing. The parties pledge themselves to each other by the interchange of rings; in old times the man received a gold one, the woman a silver one; but now both rings are of the most precious metal, shewing their bonds are equal. The priest, before whom the vows must be made, to render them sacred, presents lighted tapers to the contracting pair; which answer to the nuptial torch of the ancients, and probably represent the same allegory. The ceremony takes place in the church, and usually in the evening. The beauty, as well as interest of this holy and happy rite, which may be regarded as the parent of all domestic joys and comforts; the boon, indeed, of something like the companionship of heaven, even to human nature; for,

“ Even in Paradise, man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled!”

impels me to dwell with some particularity on its details. The usual liturgy of the day being read, the officiating priest, standing, places the parties to be betrothed before the door which leads into the division of the church called the sanctuary. The two rings, just described, are laid on the holy table; he makes the sign of the cross three times upon the heads of the couple, then touching their foreheads with the lighted tapers, presents one to each. The benediction follows, in these words: “ O Lord our God, who from among the Gentiles didst espouse thy church as a chaste virgin, bless these espousals, and join and preserve these thy servants in peace and concord.” The priest then takes the rings, and gives one to the man, and the other to the woman, with a suitable exhortation, and a second, and yet more impres-

sive benediction, in the name of the Holy Trinity. Repeating it to each of them thrice, he signs them on the forehead with the rings, and then puts them on the forefinger of the right hand of each. The espoused pair immediately exchange the rings; and the priest dismisses them with a beautiful prayer, in which he refers to the betrothment of Rebecca to Isaac, when the servant of his father Abraham, after travelling into a far country to seek a bride for his master's son, met his virgin kinswoman, and, as a pledge of her future nuptials, put a gold ring upon her hand. The second office, which is properly the rite of the marriage, is called the Matrimonial Coronation, from the act of crowning the bride and bridegroom. This is done to denote their triumph over all irregular desires; but, from an idea that all is not quite so regular that way with those who enter into a second marriage, it is usually omitted at such nuptials; a third marriage is deemed scandalous; and a fourth absolutely unlawful. Formerly, the matrimonial crowns were chaplets of flowers, but now they are generally of gold or silver, and often very splendidly embellished. The parties, having been betrothed, enter the sanctuary with their lighted tapers in their hands; the priest preceding with the censer, and singing along with the choristers the nuptial psalm. He then addresses the bridegroom, "Hast thou an unrestrained will to take unto thee to wife this woman whom thou seest before thee?" He replies in the affirmative; and the same kind of question is put to the bride, who makes a similar response. The priest then enquires whether they have before pledged their faith to any others, and being answered in the negative, he gives them the benediction on their irrevocable vows; and proceeds, with many fine prayers for their future happiness in each other, and purity in life, to place the crowns on the heads of the couple, ending his benediction on them, thus—"O Lord our God, crown them with glory and honour; as thou hast put earthly crowns of precious things upon their heads! They asked of thee, life; and thou givest it to them! And thou wilt give them the blessing of eternal life; thou wilt make them glad with the joy of thy countenance!" Saint Paul's epistle on the duties of marriage, is then read; and the cup is brought and blessed by the priest, who gives it thrice; first to the bridegroom, and then to the bride. After which, he

takes them by the hand, attended by their paranymphe, (the bridesmen and maidens,) in a procession round a circular plot, figuring the unlimited nature of their union; and they move thus, from west to east, three times. Then raising the crown from off the bridegroom's head, the priest cries aloud—"Be thou magnified, O bridegroom! as Abraham:—Be thou blessed, as Isaac:—Be thou multiplied, as Jacob;—walking in peace, and performing the commandments of God in all righteousness!" Taking off the bride's crown in the same manner, he says—"Be thou magnified, O bride! as Sarah:—Be thou joyful, as Rebecca:—Be thou multiplied, as Rachael;—delighting in thine own husband, and observing the bounds of the law, according to the good pleasure of God!" He concludes with the following most truly appropriate prayer:—"O God, our God, who wast present in Cana of Galilee, and didst give thy blessing to the marriage there, bless these thy servants, who, by thy providence, are joined in the fellowship of matrimony; bless their going out, and their coming in; replenish their life with good things; receive their crowns in thy kingdom; preserve them undefiled, blameless, and free from snares, for ever and ever." The company then congratulate the parties, who salute each other; and the priest, giving the holy dismissal, finishes the solemnity. The third rite is that of Dissolving the Crowns:—It used to take place on the eighth day after the previous ceremony of crowning; and which appears to have been the badge of sanctification, in their living apart during that time, in a kind of holy separation, in the manner of a fast before any great season of blessing from the Giver of all good. This part of the service is very short, containing little more than the following invocation:—"O Lord our God, who hast blest the crown of the year, and hast appointed these crowns to be put on the heads of those who are joined together in the bonds of matrimony, thereby recording their continence, inasmuch as they are united in the purity of wedlock, according to thy institution; give thy blessing to this new-married couple at the dissolving of their crowns, and preserve their union undivided: that they may always give thanks to thy name, of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, now and for ever." After this, the bride may be conducted to the bridegroom's house; they being now made one in heart and soul! at least, such is the aim of matrimony, and if it be

not always the end, woe to the party that renders it otherwise! Having arrived at this bright scene, it irks me to proceed instantly to the shadowy curtain beyond it—the sick-chamber, and the tomb! Therefore, having conducted my gentle auditors into the cheering home of gladness, I close my tablets of memory now; to re-open them at our next cell meeting, with the conclusion of my subject; in part of mournful hue, but, like the windowed prospective in the long drawn aisle, terminating with the reflected glories of Heaven.

Till then, farewell, from

BASIL THE PILGRIM.

J. P.

(To be continued.)

CATALEPSY,

TWO REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF.

THE Duchess de Choiseul, on her partial recovery from a fit of sickness, during which she had remained at the Duke's palace at Chanteloup, was removed to Paris, whither she was accompanied by her husband, her sister, and her physician; but, a little time after her arrival, she was taken ill again, and was in a situation the most surprising and critical. She relapsed, to such a degree, that her physicians, after a careful attention to the symptoms, finding neither pulse nor breath, gave her over for dead. On the point of being buried alive, she heard every word that was said by those about her, without being able to shew the smallest sign of life. In the mean time, while they had forced M. de Choiseul from the room, and the physicians went to him some time afterwards, to say that she was no more, they prepared to have the last duties performed. It is not possible to conceive the affliction of her husband. He had never before experienced the fear of losing her, and those who never quitted him during the whole time, have assured me that they never saw more afflicting grief. At the moment when his friends surrounded him and endeavoured to calm his agony, he ran precipitately from his apartment, crying out that he would see his wife for the last time; and rushing into her chamber, he threw himself upon her, redoubling his cries, "My dear wife! my dear wife!" Madame

de Choiseul has told me herself, that these piercing cries recalled her to life. She was in a profound lethargy, or rather catalepsy.—She was perfectly insensible. His voice was more efficacious than all the means which had been employed for some hours before, to try if any signs of life remained; and the better to express her feelings on the occasion, I shall give them in her own terms: “The voice of that man whom you know I adore, was alone able to bring me to life.” She presently came to herself, and found she had strength enough to throw her arms round his neck, crying out, “Ah! my dear husband!” Her friends ran to her bed-side; the physicians were recalled; she grew better from day to day, and in a little time her health was re-established. To judge well of the affecting part of this story, it would have been necessary to hear it related by herself, animated as she always was with her love for the Duke de Choiseul.

I remember a young lady in England who was once in the same situation; Lady B. sister of the Duchess of D., about the year 1790. She was taken ill, and fell into a paroxysm like that I have just described. Her physicians, Sir Lucas Pepys and Dr. Warren, believed her to be dead. They made the usual experiments in such cases; but seeing that they were ineffectual, they decided that she was no more. Upon which Sir Lucas Pepys, who was a very moral man, could not resist observing to himself, “Behold the vanity of worldly greatness! That young person, in the flower of her age, of an elevated rank, handsome, beloved by every body, is——” here he was rudely interrupted by his colleague, who said to him, “Truly, it is a fine time to preach now! Why, she is dead! Let us go and visit the living.” Lady B. was precisely in the state in which I have described Madame de Choiseul. She heard every thing that was said by those about her; and the contrasted language of the two physicians struck her as so ludicrous, that, in spite of the danger she was in, she felt an impulse to burst out into a laugh, though she was not able. Some hours afterwards, a change came on, which saved her, and she is yet alive. I have this story from one of her own friends, to whom she herself related it.

DUTENS'S MEMOIRS.

PRIZE ESSAY.

**VIEW OF THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY; MORAL, POLITICAL, AND CIVIL
STATE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN AFRICA."**

(Continued from page 24.)

NORTHERN AFRICA.

THE REGION OF MOUNT ATLAS, BARBARY, AND ZAHARA.

THE Moors, so called by Europeans, are, as we have said, a mixture of all nations, who have at any time settled in North Africa; but the predominant character, physical and moral, is that of the Arab or Saracenic. The Moors of Africa, are rigid disciples of Mahomet; they pray five times a day, with their face turned towards Mecca; perform their ablutions; circumcise their male children; believe that every man's destiny is pre-ordained, and written in the book of fate; hate and despise Christians and Jews; shut up their women; and eat cooscosoo. If they are generally found to be an indolent and inactive race, spending whole days in sitting cross-legged with their backs against a wall, looking with invincible taciturnity at the passengers in the streets; if they are jealous, deceitful, and cruel; distrustful of their neighbours, and strangers to every social tie; if their hearts are so callous as to be incapable of one tender sentiment of love or friendship; if it be true, as Jackson says, that the father fears the son—the son the father, and that this lamentable want of confidence diffuses itself throughout the whole community, we are not disposed to ascribe those unfavourable traits of character to any particular defect in the organization of the cranium of the Moor, (though, we doubt not, Doctors Gall and Spurzheim would resolve it all into the law of skulls), but to moral and political causes; to the influence of a vile government, an absurd religion, and that gross ignorance which must prevail throughout all ranks of people among whom the discovery of a printed book would be deemed a crime. The Moor never laughs, and seldom smiles; his grave and pensive appearance wears the external characteristic of a thinking animal; but it is the mere re-

sult of habit; there is no heart, no mind, no curiosity, no ambition of knowledge; he exists in a state of perpetual langour, which seems only excited into enjoyment, when, in total vacuity of mind, he is seen to stroke his beard. We say nothing at present of his harem—his domestic amusements can only be known to himself; but of his pleasures in public, next to the abstraction from all ideas, that of the bath seems to preponderate; few of any rank or opulence are without this luxury; but every large town has its public baths, which are generally annexed to some caravansera, or coffee-house; here the Moor gets himself well rubbed down, and his joints stretched or champooed; here he sips his coffee; and here he is amused with wild tales of genii or fairies.

This country, though one of the most salubrious, and the most propitious to the multiplication of the human race, is, in consequence of the absence of a regular government, exposed to calamitous visitations; and particularly to the ravages of the plague, which, some years ago, depopulated the empire of Morocco. The deaths in the city of Morocco, amounted to 50,000; those in Fez, to 65,000; at Magadore, to 4,500; and at Saffi, to 5,000. The survivors had not time to bury the dead with any regularity. The bodies were thrown into large trenches, which, when nearly full, were covered over with earth. The young, the healthy, and the vigorous, were first attacked: then the women and children; and, last of all, the lean, the exhausted, the valetudinary, and the aged. When the scourge disappeared, a total revolution was found to have taken place in the fortunes and situations of individuals. Some who had previously been plain mechanics, now found themselves in the possession of large capitals, and sometimes purchased horses, which they scarcely knew how to mount. Provisions were sold in great abundance, and extremely cheap. Flocks, with their shepherds, wandered in the pastures without owners. Great temptations were thus presented to the Arab, the Berber, and the Moor; all equally prone to theft. But they were restrained by an apprehension for their lives; for the plague, (*el khere*), is believed by them to be a divine judgment in punishment of their crimes.

In the preceding pages we have taken a cursory glance at the whole of the Atlantic regions. We must now take a view of the different states, or, kingdoms of Barbary, and the cities and

towns included in these political divisions. We shall first turn our attention to the small states scattered over the desert which bounds Egypt on the west; then passing the Syrtæ, we shall follow the chain of Mount Atlas, giving an account of the states of Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, and conclude with a description of the Great Desert of Zahara.

The country of Barca is the first that comes in our way on leaving Egypt. Some call Barca a desert, and the interior certainly merits that name; others call it a kingdom, an appellation founded on the existence of this country as the independent kingdom of Cyrene, governed by a branch of the Ptolemies. The coast of Barca, once famous for its threefold crops, is now very ill cultivated; the wandering tribes of the desert allow no rest to the inhabitants, or security to their labours; and are described as peculiarly hideous in their aspect, ferocious in their manners, and meagre in their appearance.

The sovereignty of Barca is divided between two beys; one of whom resides at Derne, a town surrounded by gardens, and watered by refreshing rivulets; his subjects may amount to 30,000 tents or families. The other lives at Bengazi, a town of about 10,000 houses, with a tolerable harbour, on a shore abounding with fish, and in a fertile territory, from which much wool is exported. The Bey of Tripoli appoints these governors, whose obedience is sometimes ambiguous.

The oasis of Audjelah, the Augila of Herodotus, contains three towns, or villages, and is the residence of a bey who is dependant on the Bey of Tripoli. The town of Audjelah is only a mile in circumference, and contains only three narrow and dirty streets of mean houses, built of limestone. The public buildings have a most wretched appearance. At Audjelah is the termination of the long chain of mountains which bounds the desert of Barca on the south, and separates it from that of Lybia, turning west to Fezzan.

From the Haroodje, a singular hilly desert, we enter Fezzan. Major Rennel and the learned Larcher consider Fezzan as the ancient country of the Garamantes.

Passing from Barca, across the gulf of Sidra, we enter the western district of Tripoli. Near the bottom of this gulf, just to the north of Fezzan, there is an interesting spot on which a monument was erected to two patriotic Carthaginian brothers. A contest had arisen between the Carthaginians and Cyreneans respecting the extent of their territories; and it was agreed

that, at a stated hour, two men should depart from Carthage, (near the present town of Tunis), and two from Barca; and that wherever they met, there the boundaries of their respective countries should be fixed. Two brothers, named Philœni, departed from Carthage, and advanced considerably more than half the distance betwixt the cities before they met the Cyreneans. This occasioned a quarrel. The Cyreneans asserted that the Philœni had left Carthage before the appointed hour, and insisted on their returning. The Philœni refused to do so; and in resisting the attempt that was made to drive them back, they were slain. Their bodies were buried on the spot where they fell; and the Carthagenians, to commemorate the patriotic conduct of these brothers, raised there two altars, and denominated them "the altars of the Philœni." These altars were, subsequently, established to be the boundary of the Carthaginian dominions towards the east; their dominions extended westward as far as the Strait of Gibraltar.

Fezzan is bounded on the north by the State of Tripoli, by the desert of Barca on the east, and by the great desert of Zahara on the west and south. The greatest length of the cultivated country, from north to south, is about 255 miles, and its greatest breadth 200 miles from east to west; but the mountainous region of Haroodjih is comprehended in its territory, which renders its length about 450 from north to south. According to Hornemann, this small state contains 100 towns and villages, of which Moorzook is the capital.

In the whole country there is no river or stream worthy of notice. The soil is a deep sand, covering rocks, and sometimes calcareous or argillaceous earth. There are numerous springs at a depth of ten or twelve feet below the surface, which supply water for the purposes of agriculture. The whole of Fezzan, indeed, abounds in water, at a moderate depth underground, derived, no doubt, from the rains which fall on hills more or less distant, perhaps on the confines of the desert, and though absorbed by the sand, find their level among the loose strata across a broad extent of desert, till they become accessible in Fezzan, and impart to this country its fertility.

The Fezzanese send caravans to Tripoli, Tombuctoo, and Bornoo. They trade in gold dust and black slaves. They are acquainted with the courie shell or cyphrœa moneter, a circumstance which shews that their commercial relations extend to the coast of Guinea. From October to February, Moorzook

is the great mart or rendezvous of the different caravans which come from Cairo, Bengaze, Tripoli, Gadames, Tooat, and Soodan: coffles, or caravans, conducting slaves from the interior are frequently seen at Moorzook. One of them, conducting 1400 slaves, the greater part females, entered the place during Captain Lyon's stay. They are said to remain here for some time to be fattened, when they are sent off for Tripoli, Benghazi, and Egypt; thus marching about for 1800, or 2000 miles before they can be settled, and frequently passing through the hands of eight or ten masters, most of whom refuse to consider them as human beings. "Yet," says Captain Lyon, "in justice to the poor unenlightened creatures whom they make their prey, I never witnessed such innocence, tenderness, and mildness as most of them evinced when brought to Moorzook, particularly at the death of any of their companions in adversity. On these occasions, they do not, like their persecutors, scream and make an insincere wailing, but sit silent and in tears, and often refuse to take their little allowance of food. Should one of the females fall sick, the others nurse, feed, comfort, and very often give up their scanty meal to the sufferer. I speak merely of the women, for the men are not blessed with very kind hearts, and it would be considered by them as disgraceful to betray any soft and tender feeling. Should a woman have an infant belonging to her, each of her companions, in turn, will carry and endeavour to amuse it. The women very seldom become sullen, and are lively without being at all boisterous, or noisy; they are clean in their persons, very fond of ornaments, tractable, and easily taught; but in acquiring knowledge they lose much of their simplicity.

According to some, the Sultan of this country is tributary to the Bey of Tripoli; according to others, he only sends him a present. Hornemann says, his revenues arise from his landed estates; others mention three or four moderate taxes. The population of Fezzan is estimated by Hornemann at 60,000 or 70,000 souls; the variety of their complexion shows that they are a mixed people. They are represented as possessing little courage, enterprize, or honesty, and are as completely submissive as their oppressors could wish. The females arrive early at puberty, and have often the appearance of old women at sixteen. They are cheerful, obliging, and kind one to another. But their affections are cold and interested; they manifest a ge-

neral indifference to the common incidents of life; and are particularly devoid of that sudden anger, or determined revenge, which marks the Arabs. The females are here allowed more liberty than those of Tripoli, and are more kindly treated. The effect of the plurality of wives is but too plainly seen, and their women, in consequence, are not famed for chastity. Though so much better used than those of Barbary, their life is still a state of slavery. A man never ventures to speak of his women; is reproached if he spends much time in their company; never eats with them, but is waited upon when he eats, and fanned by them while he sleeps; yet these poor beings, never having enjoyed the sweets of liberty or affection, are, in spite of their humiliation, comparatively happy. The authority of parents over their children, is very great, some fathers of the better class not allowing their sons to eat, or sit down in their presence, till they become men.

The women in the whole of Africa are immoderately fond of dancing. The Fezzanese intoxicate themselves with the juice of the date; in other respects they are very sober, which is partly the result of necessity. Hornemann says, that a person who can afford to eat bread and meat daily, is esteemed a man of great wealth. The houses of Fezzan are built of sun-dried bricks; they are extremely low, and lighted only by the door.

Captain Lyon, who accompanied the late Mr. Ritchie, in his attempt to penetrate into Northern Africa, thus describes the dress of the Fezzan ladies:—

The dress of the women here differs materially from that of the Moorish females, and their appearance and smell are far from being agreeable; they plait their hair in thick bobbins, which hang over their foreheads, nearly as low down as the eye-brows, and are then joined at the bottom as far round as the temples. The hair is so profusely oiled that it drops down over their face and clothes; this is dried up by sprinkling it with plenty of a preparation made of a plant resembling wild lavender, cloves, and one or two more spices, pounded into powder, and called atua: it forms a brown, dirty-looking paste; and, combined with perspiration and the flying sand, becomes, in a few days, far from savoury in appearance or odour. The back hair is less disgusting, as it is plaited into a long tress on each side, and is brought to hang over the shoulders; from those tresses ornaments of silver or coral are suspended. Black wool is frequently worked in with these black locks to make

them appear longer. In the centre of the forehead an ornament of coral or beads is placed, hanging down to the depth of an inch or two. A woollen handkerchief is fastened on the back of the head, which falls over behind, and is tied by a leather strap under the chin. Each ear is perforated for as many rings as the woman possesses; some wear even six on one side; the largest, which is about five inches in diameter, hanging lowest, supported by a string from the head. Round the neck a tight flat collar of beads, arranged in fancy patterns, is worn with coral necklaces, and sometimes a broad gold plate immediately in front. A large blue shirt is generally worn, the collar and breast ornamented with needle-work; the women also wear white shirts and striped silk ones, called shami, which are brought from Egypt; a pair of jeered red slippers complete their dress.

Of the Sultan's children, at Moorzook, captain Lyon gives a curious account. —

"I was," says he, "much struck with the appearance of his daughters, one of three, the other of one year and a half old, who were dressed in the highest style of barbarian magnificence, and were absolutely laden with gold. From their necks were suspended large ornaments of the manufacture of Tombuctoo, and they had massive gold armlets and anklets of two inches in breadth, and half an inch in thickness; which, from their immense weight, had produced callous rings round the legs and arms of the poor infants. They wore silk shirts, composed of ribands sewed in stripes of various colours, which hung down over silk trowsers. An embroidered waistcoat and cap completed this overwhelming costume. Their nails, the tips of their fingers, the palms of their hands, and the soles of their feet, were dyed dark brown with henna. I had viewed with amazement and pity the dress of these poor little girls, borne down as they were with finery; but that of the youngest boy, a stupid-looking child of four years old, was even more preposterous than that of his sisters. In addition to the ornaments worn by them, he was loaded with a number of charms, enclosed in gold cases, slung round his body; in his cap were numerous jewels, heavily set in gold, in the form of open hands, to keep off the effects of the "Evil Eye." These talismans were sown on the front of his cap, which they entirely covered. His clothes were highly embroidered, and consisted of three waistcoats, a shirt of white silk, (the women

only wearing coloured ones,) and loose cloth, silk, or muslin trousers."

The state of Tripoli, properly so called, extends on the north of Fezzan, between the great and the little Syrtæ, that is, between the Gulf of Sidra and that of Gabis.

Here the climate is extremely unpleasant; the heat of the day, and the coldness of the night, being equally insupportable. From the month of May till the end of October, no rain falls. Vegetation is more abundant in winter than in summer. The soil is tolerably fertile, producing dates, oranges, citrons, figs, almonds, and many other fruits. In winter there is abundance of all sorts of pulse, cabbages, turnips, and onions; in summer cucumbers and melons. Two days' journey south from Tripoli there is on Mount Garean a great plantation of saffron. Lions and panthers are rarely seen; the jackals and hedgehogs are numerous; as are also serpents and scorpions.

The comparative geography of these towns is involved in deep obscurity. There were three conspicuous towns in the Syrtic region; and in the fifth century this region received the name of Tripoli, which means the country of the three cities; but to determine what these towns were, and what modern localities correspond to them, would at this time be no easy task. It seems to be certain, that during the first invasions of the Arabians, the city of Sabrata, apparently the capital of the province, had, in common language, received the name of Tripoli.

It is still called Sabart, and Old Tripoli. This town presents nothing worthy of notice: its buildings are, in general, flat roofed, square, and white-washed. Clusters of eight or ten cupolas, crowded together and situated in different parts of the town, mark the places of the public baths; the streets are narrow, crooked, and sandy, but nearly double the width of those at Tunis and Algiers. The shops are numerous, but, in general, they are little better in appearance than booths. The houses, even of the wealthy, never exceed one story in height. In every house there is one grand apartment appropriated to the master of the house; here he holds his levees, transacts his business, and enjoys his convivial parties; and no one, even of his own family, dare enter it without his permission. The females have a similar privilege, as the husband cannot enter his wife's apartment, if he finds a pair of lady's slippers on the outside of the door, but must wait till they are removed. Beyond this hall, or lodge, is the court-yard, paved in proportion

to the fortune of the owner. Some are of a brown cement, resembling finely polished marble; others are of black or white marble, and the poorer houses only of stone or earth. The houses, either small or large, in town or country, are built exactly on the same plan. The court-yard is made use of to receive large female companies, entertained by the mistress of the house, upon the celebration of a marriage, or other great feast; and also, in cases of deaths, for funeral ceremonies, performed before the deceased is removed to the grave. The tops of the houses are all flat; they are covered with plaster or cement, and surrounded by a parapet. On these terraces the Moors dry and prepare their figs, raisins, and dates. They enjoy on them the refreshing breezes from the sea; and here they are constantly to be seen at sunset, offering their devotions to Mahomet.

The ladies of the harem are, generally, Georgian or Circassian slaves, who have been purchased at an early age, and have been trained in all the arts and accomplishments that can render them objects of attraction. They are kept in a state of the strictest seclusion, but do not altogether pass their time in indolence. They knit, weave, and embroider, and pay particular attention to cookery. The toilet of a Moorish lady is an occupation in which much time and expence are employed. A lady of rank is always attended, while dressing, by several female slaves, to each of whom a particular department is assigned. One plaits the hair, another perfumes it; a third arranges the eye-brows; a fourth paints the face. Perfumes and scented waters are lavishly poured on the hair; and a vast quantity of powder of cloves is stuffed into it. The eye-brows, besides being painted black, are shaped by having all the irregular hairs pulled out; and the fingers and feet are dyed black. In short, the full dress of a Moorish lady employs several hours, and forms so complete a disguise, that even her nearest relations would not be able to recognize her. On great occasions, the display of jewels, and of gold and silver ornaments, is so very profuse, as often to incommode by their weight.

The dress of Lilla Aisha, the Bey's wife, is thus described by Mr. Tully: "Her chemise was covered with gold embroidery at the neck; over it she wore a gold and silver tissue jileck, or jacket, without sleeves; and over that another of purple velvet, richly laced with gold, with coral and pearl buttons, set quite close together down the front; it had short sleeves finished with a gold band not far below the shoulder; and it dis-

covered a wide loose chemise of transparent gauze, ornamented with gold, silver, and riband-stripes. The drapery, or baracan she wore over her dress, was of the finest crimson transparent gauze, between rich silk stripes of the same colour. She wore round her ancles, as did all the ladies of the Bashaw's family, a sort of fetter made of a thick bar of gold, so fine that they bind it round the leg with one hand; it is an inch and a half wide, and as much in thickness; each of these weighs four pounds. Just above this, a band, three inches wide, of gold thread, finished the ends of a pair of trowsers, made of pale yellow and white silk. She had five rings in each ear, two were put through the bottom of the ear, and three through the top, all set with precious stones."

None of the ladies belonging to the royal family ever walk in the streets, except when they go to their mosques to fulfil a vow, or make an offering, which they frequently do on important occasions, but with the greatest circumspection. They go out as late as eleven or twelve o'clock at night, attended by a considerable guard from the castle. A number of black female slaves and Moorish servants form a large body, in the very centre of which the princess or princesses walk, with their own particular attendants or ladies encircling them. The guard continually announces them as they go, to give timely notice of their approach. They have with them a great number of lights, and a vast quantity of burning perfume, which is carried in silver fillagree vases, and also large silver ewers of rose and orange-flower water, to damp the burning perfume, which, during their walk, produces a thick cloud around them, composed of the finest aromatic odours. Either of these accompaniments, besides the vociferous cry of the guards, is fully sufficient to indicate the approach of the royal party, in time to leave the way clear for them; and this is particularly necessary, as their law decrees no less a punishment than death for any person, who may be in the streets and remain there while their ladies are passing by, or for any man who may look at them from a window. Of course, every place is perfectly free from spectators before they come near it.

Women of a middle station of life, generally go out on foot, but hardly ever without a female slave or attendant. They are then so completely wrapped up, that it is impossible to discover more of them than their height, not easily even their size. They have a covering, called a baracan, which is about one

yard and a half wide, and four or five in length. This conceals them entirely, and they hold it so close over their face, as scarcely to leave the least opening to see their way through it. The Jewesses wear this part of their dress nearly in the same way; but they hold it in such manner as clearly to discover one eye, which a Moorish woman dares not do, if she have a proper regard for her reputation or public opinion.

According to the custom of this country, a Moorish lady's wedding clothes are accumulating all her life; and, consequently, the presents sent from her father's to the bridegroom on the eve of her wedding, are most abundant. "Among the articles in the princess's wardrobe," says Mr. Tully, "were two hundred pair of shoes, and one hundred pair of rich embroidered velvet boots, with baracans, trowsers, chemises, jilecks, caps, and curtains for apartments, and many other articles in the same proportion. Each set of things was packed, separately, in square flat boxes of the same dimensions, altogether very numerous. These would have been taken to the Dugganeer's house, but Lilla Howisha (as the Bashaw's daughter was called) not quitting the castle, they were conveyed with great pomp and ceremony in a long procession out of one gate of the castle into another, escorted by guards, attendants, and a number of singing women, hired for the purpose of singing the festive song of Loo, loo, loo, which commences when the procession leaves the bride's father's house, and finishes when it enters the bridegroom's house.

"The marriage ceremonies are invariably performed in the night, and attended with considerable gaiety; the bride is conveyed to the bridegroom's place of residence by her parents and friends, preceded by a band of men bearing lanterns and playing on tabors; these are followed by slaves carrying baskets of henna, and various perfumes, together with the jewels and night robes of the bride, who is also preceded by a slave, who walking backwards presents a looking-glass towards her; a number of women are always in the train, and contrive to make a great noise till the procession arrives at its destination, when feasting, music, and dancing, continue till midnight, at which period the company retire.

"The apartments of the two brides were entirely lined with the richest silks. A seat elevated nearly six feet from the ground, in the alcove, the most distinguished part of the room, was prepared for the bride, where she sat concealed from the

spectators by an embroidered silk veil thrown over her. Her most confidential friends only went up to speak to her, by ascending seven or eight steps placed on the right-hand side for their approach; they then introduced themselves to her presence by cautiously lifting the veil that covered her, being very careful not to expose any part of her person to the spectators beneath; the etiquette was to speak but a few words, in order to afford time for other ladies to pay their court to her.

"Magnificent tables were prepared at each of the bride's houses, furnished with the choicest delicacies of hot viands, fresh and dry preserves, and fruits peculiar to the country. These tables were surrounded with gold and silver embroidered cushions, laid on the floor to serve as seats for the guests, who were served with the refreshments before them, by Lilla Halluma and her daughters, who were constantly moving round the tables, attended by their slaves and confidential women.

"The bride takes her meals alone for the first seven days after she is married; as she is not allowed to eat, during that time, with any of her relations.

"While the bride occupied the seat erected for her during the ceremony, it is a crime for her to smile; but the Lilla Bintel Trabaltze was so much inclined to laugh, that Lilla Uducia, the ambassador's daughter, to screen her from observation, threw the veil over her again, which had covered her face while she walked to the seat. Before she ascended it, one of her blacks was sent to clear it by charms from the effect of any bad eyes, that might, by gazing on it, have rendered it unlucky to the bride. She was enveloped in the baracan sent her, by Lilla Halluma, and had a silk veil thrown over her face; she was supported by the ambassador's wife and daughter; six wax lights were carried before her by her slaves; and she was conducted to her bridal seat, through an immense crowd of ladies who were assembled to see her. At this moment the music and singing increased, and the festive song was so loudly vociferated, as entirely to drown every other sound for the time it lasted. During the feast, the bridegroom was employed in his choaish, or golphor, receiving the compliments of his friends. The consuls visited him on this occasion, and they afterwards came at sun-set to join us on our return from the ambassador's house. The feast for the bride lasts seven days during which period she does not see the bridegroom; such is the etiquette here."

(To be continued.)

PREJUDICE AND PRINCIPLE!

A Tale.

(Continued from page 96.)

Oh! 'tis a fearful thing to stand
By the sinner's dying bed;
When the chang'd brow, and clenched hand
Are convulsed with inward dread.—
The struggling soul reviews the path
Of that guilt it long has trod,
And trembles at the awful wrath
Of a justly angry God!

FRANCIS was so intent on the project he had in view, that he scarcely paused in his rapid walk to the parsonage.

Here he learnt, to his infinite disappointment, that Anne and her friend had just left home, accompanied by the groom, to take a long ride into the country on horseback; and that they were not expected to return before four o'clock to dinner.

On entering the parlour, he found Mr. Irwin ready equipped for a journey; and he took a seat on the sofa by Mrs. Irwin, but with such an expression of chagrin on his countenance, that it did not escape the observation of the good vicar, who, in his usual kind manner, enquired the cause of his uneasiness. Francis coloured, was confused, and, after hesitating a few minutes, stammered forth, that he wished very much to see Miss Irwin, and was disappointed at her absence.

"Was your business with Nancy of such a very pressing nature, that waiting a few hours should make such a material difference?" said Mr. Irwin, with a good-natured smile. "But clear that cloudy brow, Francis; I am going to visit a sick man at S—; perhaps you will accompany me, and if not too unfashionable to sit down to a plain family dinner at four o'clock, the girls will then be home, and you, in the interim, will have leisure to reflect on this mighty affair."

Francis joyfully accepted the invitation, and, after partaking of a hasty luncheon, Mr. Irwin ordered the chaise to the door. They had passed the second mile-stone, before Francis had sufficiently dismissed the plans that were floating through his mind

for the relief of Musgrave, to observe that they had taken the road that led towards the sea; he now, with some degree of interest, asked Mr. Irvin whether the invalid resided on the coast.

"Yes:" were you ever at S——?"

"Once; but my visit was a brief one, and did not extend beyond a couple of hours."

"It is a pretty place," returned Mr. Irvin, "and affords better accommodation to the traveller and invalid, than are commonly met with in small sea-port towns; the adjacent country is well worth exploring, being rich in fine old ruins; and these venerable monuments of antiquity draw much company to S——, in the summer season. The person I am going to visit resides about sixteen miles from us in a neat cottage, as I am told, on the brow of one of the eastern cliffs."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Skinner; he was once a parishioner of mine, but left our town upwards of twenty years ago. I am rather surprised at his present urgent application to me, as I am in perfect ignorance of the manner in which he has spent his life since he left our town."

"Whilst a resident there, he was almost constantly employed by me in his occupation of a gardener; not from any partiality I had to the man, who bore a very indifferent character, but he was the only person, for miles around, who understood the proper method of training fruit-trees, and taking charge of a green-house."

"Gardeners, in general, are a very moral and religious class of people. The cultivation of fruits and flowers seems to give them a refinement of taste and sentiment, above the common order of husbandmen; and their employment, in itself, is so rational and amusing, that it tends to draw forth the noble qualities of the mind, and to render them agreeable and entertaining companions."

"Skinner, though a good hand at his business, was an exception to this rule, as his mind and pursuits were of the coarsest and most brutal description; his countenance was dark, sullen, designing, and cruel; and the severity with which he treated a large family of small children, was supposed to be the cause of the premature death of most of them; whilst those who were so unfortunate as to survive, have given to the world fatal proofs of

the ill effect of bad example and an erroneous education. I often argued with Skinner on his evil course of life, but he was one of those on whom advice may, literally, be said to be thrown away; who, having chosen the path of ill, sullenly and morosely adhere to their sinful ways.

"I had, hitherto, employed him out of compassion to his wife and children, but his petty depredations every day becoming more daring and apparent, I was obliged to dismiss him altogether from my service. A gentleman, who owned a large portion of the land which composes part of the cliffs I have before mentioned, let him an acre of ground at a very reasonable rent, in consequence of which he left B——; he converted the plot of land into a vegetable garden, from which he supplied the markets of the adjacent towns; and, suddenly, from being a very poor man, became, comparatively, rich. I understand he had built a house out of his earnings, and was enjoying a competence from the fruits of his labour, when a fall from the cliff, in a fit of intoxication, laid him on that bed from which he is never again expected to rise. My servant awoke me this morning with a message from him, to implore my immediate presence; as something lay on his conscience, which he would reveal to no one but his old master, and he could not die in peace till he had seen me."

"And have you any idea of the disclosure he is about to make?"

"Not the least; without it refers to his bad conduct as a husband and father."

They were now fast approaching the town, and Mr. Irvin, leaving the chaise at the Inn, hired a boy to shew him the way to Skinner's cottage. Their walk extended for a mile along a high ridge of cliffs, whose broken sides, composed of hard gravel and loose running sand, presented their rugged points to the waves of the restless ocean; which, hourly undermining their unstable basis, frequently brought down from the top, huge fragments of stony earth, which strewed the narrow beach, giving a wild and gloomy aspect to the surrounding scenery. Naturally fond of a sea prospect, Francis greatly enjoyed his walk; the glow of the autumnal sky, the keen bracing of the sea air, and the deep blue of the ocean, alive with fishing boats, tended to raise his spirits to an unusual degree of animation; he forget in the train of pleasing thoughts to which the scene be-

fore him gave birth, the purport of his visit, till the boy stopped before a pretty stone dwelling, surrounded by a neat garden: he now called to mind the character of the man whom they were about to see.

The door was opened by an old woman, acting in the capacity of nurse, (for Mrs. Skinner had been long dead,) who seemed truly glad to welcome Mr. Irvin. "God bless you, sir; I am heartily rejoiced to see you. The poor soul, above stairs, is desperately bad, and keeps calling on you sadly."

Francis shuddered as the groans of a person in keen bodily pain, mingled with frequent oaths in the ravings of delirium, came from the apartment over head.

"Let us lose no time," said Mr. Irvin, taking from his bosom a small bible: "moments are precious; if I mistake not, his sands are nearly run."

He immediately followed the old woman up stairs, accompanied by Francis, whose cheeks had already lost the ruddy glow which his quick walk in the sea breeze had bestowed on his manly countenance; the sick man was sitting up in the bed, his teeth and hands clenched, and his hollow eyes restlessly wandering from side to side, as if in quest of some imaginary object of terror.

His long grey locks had escaped from the handkerchief that was tied round his head, and streamed over his shoulders, giving to the harsh lines of his avaricious and forbidding aspect, a more ghastly appearance, which was rendered doubly hideous by the livid stamp of death. "Skinner!" said Mr. Irvin, in a mild voice, as he approached the bed, "how do you find yourself?"

The man gazed wildly on him: "Are you come to call me to judgment!"

"To offer you the consolation and hope contained in the gospel," said the vicar, striving to recal the wandering mind of the wretched sufferer, who, pushing him rudely back, exclaimed:—"Away! there's blood upon my soul; I will not die!"

"Unhappy man! what is it that lies so heavy on your conscience?"

He spoke in vain; Skinner's eyes were fixed in vacancy, with an intensity which seemed almost to deprive his strained eyeballs of the power of vision: "There! there, he comes! He glides between you and the bed-post; he calls me to appear at

the judgment-seat of God: Ah! save me from him!" He covered his head, and groaned aloud, while the bed shook under him, as one suffering from an ague fit.

"Skinner!" said Mr. Irvin, in an impressive voice, while he felt convinced that something dreadful lay on his conscience; "what have you done! what is it you fear?"

"Ah! is it you, Mr. Irvin?" returned Skinner, recovering himself with a heavy sigh: "You are come at last. Martha," he continued, "bring me a drop of water; my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth." The woman reached him a cup of wine and water, with a trembling hand. He scarcely had tasted it, when throwing it angrily from him, he added, "Take away that cursed liquor! have I not had enough of it before? I ask for water, and you bring me fire: so it will be at the last day! I shall burn, but there will be no water to cool me!"

Mr. Irvin, who felt very anxious for the eternal welfare of the conscience-stricken wretch before him, now took a seat by the side of the bed; and tried, by gentle admonitions, to induce him to attend to the prayers appointed by the church for the sick and dying. The man listened with frightful eagerness, but neither joined in the service, nor uttered the least response; till, taking advantage of a pause in Mr. Irvin's discourse, he rose up suddenly in the bed, and grasping Mr. Irvin's arm, said, with great solemnity—"Twenty years ago, you told me, Mr. Irvin, what my end would be: Twenty years ago I mocked you in my heart, but time has proved your words but too true: How, think you, did a drunken, dissolute sinner like me become rich?" Mr. Irvin turned pale at the frightful vehemence with which this speech was addressed to him.

"I know not," he replied; "I heard of the alteration in your circumstances, and hoped it had been the reward of honest industry." The dying creature now uttered a wild exclamation, something between a laugh and a scream, whose horrid and discordant tones smote so electrically on the nerves of Francis, that he withdrew to a distant window, and turned his back on a scene which he had no resolution to encounter; while Skinner, in a hurried voice, said,—“Let every one but you leave the apartment, while I reveal to you the manner in which I acquired wealth.”

Old Martha gladly obeyed, and Francis would willingly have followed her example, but Mr. Irvin motioned him to stay.

After glancing round the chamber with a timid, yet anxious eye, Skinner continued: "Mr. Irvin! I could not die without seeing you: till this heavy weight is removed from my soul, I cannot pray: I am given over to the power of the tempter, who mocks me when I only think of mercy and forgiveness."

"Skinner! you must combat with these dreadful thoughts," said Mr. Irvin; "repentance never comes too late, when accompanied with a humble, contrite heart: 'Turn to the Lord, and he will have mercy; to our God, and he will abundantly pardon.'"

"I cannot, Mr. Irvin, while that pale figure stands there accusing me: so will he stand before the great judge! his voice will be heard! It rises from the deep sea against me; I know neither his nation, nor his tongue; but God knows all; He will bring the hidden thing to light, and proclaim what was done in darkness and secrecy on the house top, and I am lost—lost—and that for ever!"

Another fit of convulsive shuddering followed this frightful speech: after a pause of some minutes, however, the dying man raised his head, and, with a heavy groan, commenced the following relation:

"I had been here two years, and was struggling with great poverty, when, one night, I was awakened by signals of distress from a ship off this coast. Starting from my bed, I ran to the casement to ascertain what was the matter: It was a stormy winter's night, and the billows were rolling mountains high, and sparkling and flashing like liquid silver in the clearest moonlight I think I ever witnessed; by her beams I could plainly discover a noble vessel tossing on yonder reef of rocks, the sea breaking dismally over her shattered decks; she lay so close in shore that, with the naked eye, I could discover the men clinging to the shrouds, and their cries for help came upon the wind, and rose awfully amidst the yelling of the storm.

"It was deep midnight, and the wind, I suppose, carried their signals of distress the other way; for no boat was put off from the town to her assistance; and in truth, sir, no boat could have left the shore in such a sea. Whilst I stood watching her from the casement, a giant wave hid her from my view; the billows rolled onward, but the ship was no longer visible.

"A few hours after she had sunk, the wind lulled, and the sea became comparatively calm; and as I could not sleep for thinking of the midnight storm, I hastily dressed myself, and, taking

a large stick in my hand, ran down to the beach to see what fortune had cast upon our coast.

"The moon was still very bright, and shone with frosty splendour in the cloudless sky, and by her light I could discover something beneath one of the highest cliffs which glittered like a star. On approaching nearer, I discovered a young officer, dressed in a splendid military uniform, who had succeeded in gaining the shore, and was the only one saved, out of the whole ill-fated crew. He was still alive, but so weak that he was unable to rise. Perceiving me, he held up his hand, as if to implore my assistance, which, at that moment, I call God to witness! I would frankly have offered him; but as I drew close to him, the devil entered my heart; I perceived that he had a beautiful chain round his neck, and that the gold on his dress was worth something considerable. As I stood debating with myself what course to pursue, he called to me in his own language, and made an effort to rise. I think he mistrusted me: for, as I stood with my eyes rivetted on him, and the bludgeon poised in my hand, he gave me such a look, that eternity will scarcely be able to efface it from my memory. He then raised his eyes to heaven, as if in deep and earnest prayer. I retired under the shadow of the cliff, and raised the stick. There was something so beautiful in his countenance, I could not then commit the horrid deed I meditated,—I dropped the weapon, looked at him again, and was determined to save his life. I approached nearer with this intention. Oh! that the moon had hid her light!—but she shone full, when that accursed gold—the sordid love of gain—stifled the voice of conscience, and rendered me deaf to the cries of a fellow-creature imploring mercy. A demoniac spirit entered my breast, and imparted terrible strength to my arm. One deep groan told me my aim had been certain;—the next moment, the gallant young man who had escaped the fury of the ocean, lay a corpse at my feet. Horror took possession of my mind. I was no longer alone, but surrounded by a thousand frightful phantoms that flitted to and fro in the deep shadows of the projecting cliff; and the very noise of the waters meeting the shore seemed to accuse me of murder.

"I hastily stripped the rich clothes from the dead body, and tying up a quantity of stones in a handkerchief, fastened them

round his neck; and, as the tide was fast retreating, I once more committed him to the bosom of the deep; carefully obliterating from the spot all traces of the murder.

"With feelings of indescribable horror, I returned home; fancying in every sound that met my ear, the pursuing steps of my recent victim.

"On examining his pockets, I found they contained a hundred pieces of gold, a handsome watch, a picture set round with pearls, and a large packet of papers;—which latter I burnt, lest they might lead to a discovery. A few days after, I took a journey to London, and disposed of the gold, the clothes, the watch, and the setting of the picture to a Jew, upon whom I could trust; and who gave me a hundred pounds in lieu of these things; which enabled me, with careful management, to make a successful speculation, which has since placed me above the reach of poverty. In that little drawer, Mr. Irvin, you will find the painting. I have never dared to look at it since the hour I thrust it there."

"After a long pause, for both Francis and Mr. Irvin were too much affected to speak, Skinner continued in a hollow voice, "Mr. Irvin! I have become rich with this money, but the curse of blood is upon it, and I have never lost sight of the lawful possessor, since I murdered him. For eighteen years, his face has constantly been before me. When the moon is bright, I see him standing on the edge of that cliff, pointing, with a mournful gesture, to the billows, and to the spot where I slew him. I hear his groans in the noon-day; but the dark night brings with it horrors you can never know, and which no language can convey. Look! he comes again! He is standing at your side, with his pale face and dark eyes!"

Mr. Irvin involuntarily started, and turned round, but only met the colourless and agitated countenance of his young friend, who had approached the murderer's bed, who now cried out, in an agony, while the death-rattles hoarsely murmured in his throat,—“He beckons me!—I will not come! Hold me, Mr. Irvin! keep me here!—I will not go! I cannot—I will not die! Oh! Lord, have mercy on my sinful soul!”

The voice ceased: The struggle was over. The guilty wretch sunk back on the pillow; his eyes now became glazed, and fixed; and the next moment, the open mouth and the

ghastly stillness which spread awfully round, shewed that the sinner was already summoned to that bar, before which he so much dreaded to appear.

After Mr. Irvin had consigned the body to the care of old Martha, he proceeded to examine the drawer before-mentioned, in the hope of discovering who the unfortunate gentleman was who had been thus barbarously murdered.

Among a heap of old things, he discovered the picture; which was the likeness of a very beautiful young woman. At the back was a braid of very light hair, surrounded by a German motto, and the names of Augustus and Theresa wrought beneath. Whilst looking at this interesting portrait, Mr. Irvin felt the tears start into his eyes. "Unhappy young lady!" he said, "how many anxious looks have you cast upon the ocean! how many prayers have you breathed for his safety! what tears have you not shed over the probable fate of your lover, till hope has again dried them, and whispered the possibility of his return! Francis, this little portrait speaks more forcibly to the heart, than a thousand volumes; and the very mystery which involves the fate of the original, gives it an additional interest."

"The gentleman," said Stanhope, "was, most likely, a foreigner of distinction. But what can be said of the man who could commit such an act of barbarous cruelty?"

"He has been already dreadfully punished by his own accusing conscience," returned the vicar, as they quitted the abode of sin and death. "Of all the passions of the human breast, avarice is the most insatiable. Love, hatred, and ambition, have an end, and perish with the attainment of their object, and the hopes that led to it. But this sordid and unaccountable propensity is never satisfied; but continues to corrode the heart, and shut up every avenue to virtue. It renders a man deaf to the voice of compassion, till his bosom becomes even harder than the metal which is the object of his idolatry; often does it hurry on the besotted wretch, to the commission (as in the case of Skinner) of the most dreadful crimes. It was of such rich men that our blessed Lord doubtless spoke, in those memorable words: 'How hardly shall they who have great riches, enter into the kingdom of God!'"

S. S.

(To be continued.)

THE QUESTION;

OR,

"IS SHE AN HEIRESS, OR A BEGGAR?"

"I cannot think, mamma," said Louisa Eustace to her mother, "what is the reason that rich people look so grave, and so full of care; there is Sir Roger Forrester, for instance, who is surrounded with all the blessings of life, looking as if he knew not where to get a dinner for his family; and Mrs. Defamere, with all her wealth, seems to me not one whit happier than you, and her daughters are not half so gay as I am."

"You are at a happy age, my dear; care seldom presses heavily on any one in their fifteenth year; to which I may certainly add, that you are of a happy temper, which soon rebounds from the pressure of trifles; and, together with much sensibility for the wants and misfortunes of others, you have a faculty of rejoicing in small acquisitions, enduring petty privations, and subduing vain desires,—a power of hoping and resigning, that is invaluable to one in your situation."

"I am sure it is very good of you to put such a kind construction on my temper; every body in the village thinks Louisa Eustace a little, wild, laughing girl, as thoughtless as her poor mother is thoughtful. I know what they say, but I forgive them freely, because every creature of them loves and respects you.—I suppose however that, some time, I shall look serious, and feel anxious, for I see that Edward Forrester begins to grow very manly and grave now-a-days; his airs of pensiveness are not, however, induced by his riches, for he says that, as a younger brother, his fortune will be small, and that he must study to improve it; by the same rule, I should be drawing, not chattering."

Louisa opened her port-folio, took out an unfinished drawing, and endeavoured to complete it, but her generally-exuberant spirits were, she knew not why, somewhat cowed; whilst her powers of reflection were excited, and, after a short time, she laid her pencil down, looking wistfully in the face of her mother, and observed:

"You said I had a happy disposition for one in my situation;

now I really don't know what that word implies; dear mamma, what situation am I in?" "A very critical one, my dear child, though I have hitherto kept you ignorant of it; as, however, I know you capable of weighing it, notwithstanding your youth and your vivacity, I will now give you so much of my own history, and that of your family, as will enable you to see the peculiarity of your situation.

"Your father was the youngest of four brothers, who lost both their parents in infancy. The eldest inherited a large property in the West-Indies, where he resided and married; dying early, and leaving one son. The other two became partners as merchants; were very successful, but never married. The fourth, your lamented father, though a most excellent young man, had the misfortune to offend them all, in a twofold manner; first by going into the army, which they thought very foolish; secondly, by marrying a woman of good family, but no fortune, which they considered a still greater folly.

"It could never be foolish to marry you, mamma?"

"Not so bad as they thought it, my dear, certainly, for I had been well and wisely educated, and was, therefore, likely to make a prudent wife, and, from my connections, assist your father in his profession; therefore, although ours was always degraded as a mere love match, it is certain common sense was, by no means, lost sight of by either of us in our union. All our promised happiness was, however, soon over, for you were not six months old, when Captain Eustace was cut off at the siege of Badajos."

"Dear mamma, I know all that sorrowful part of your story; do not dwell upon it."

"It was a misfortune soon succeeded by another, which, though less, was yet terrible,—the banker in whose hands lay the whole property of your father, which, though not large, was sufficient for my wants and your education, failed, and I was, of course, reduced to poverty, with a helpless babe dependent upon me, and no relation who could assist me.

"Paying the few debts I owed by the sale of the little personal property in my possession, I came to this village in preference to any other; because the owner, Sir Roger, had been my father's friend, and would, I knew, receive me with kindness. There I resided when the death of the eldest Eustace left his estate to a sickly boy, little likely to live to maturity. I had,

hitherto, sought your uncles as little as they sought me, being perhaps, as proud in my poverty and independence, as they were in their wealth; but as I was well aware that I had not the means of educating you, and knew also that their property was rapidly increasing, this seemed to me a good time to interest them in your behalf. I wrote to them, mentioning my situation, and the necessity I was under of requesting aid for a child whom, I apprehended, so respectable a family would chuse to educate suitably to the name she bore; and I expressed a desire of introducing you to them as the only relations you now possessed, and whom you could not, by possibility, have offended.

"After some time I received a guarded permission to visit them, and an inclosure which enabled me to do so. You have no recollection of the matter, child; but I can never forget the miserable week I passed, in restraining your little hands from touching the bright furniture, and in silencing the playful tongue, which had never known restraint before. On leaving the house, which was a large, dull, splendid, but close, dark mansion, in the city, I was gratified by the warm approval of my eldest brother-in-law, who called me a prudent woman, presented me with fifty pounds for your use, and promised, if I persisted in my good conduct, that the same amount should be remitted to me yearly. The younger observed that, in his opinion, the less education I gave to the child, the better, provided she could read and write, knit and sew: "at all events," he added, "do not make her a fine lady."

"No, no," said the elder, "make her like yourself; teach her to live on a little."

"Alas!" said I, "gentlemen, she has not even that to live upon, if I am taken from her: is it your desire that I should bring her up to earn her own subsistence?"

"Your two rich uncles looked at the only child of that young brother, who had been once the beauty, and the darling of his family, and their hearts were so far touched, that they simultaneously answered, "No, no;" but the younger soon added, "No one is the worse for learning to help himself. Solomon says, 'a man should bear the yoke in his youth,' and I see no reason why women should not do the same; but the child need not be made to work, certainly."

"With this answer, my child, we returned with wants relieved, but hopes little raised. From that day to this, the same

stipend has been paid at the same time; except last year, when, on the death of the elder brother, an addition was made for mourning, and a few words of praise given to me for not marrying again; I learnt at the same period, but from another quarter, that your cousin's health, after long fluctuation, had now sunk into painful, though slow decline; so that he had no prospect of ever becoming heir to his uncles, or, indeed, of surviving his minority; wealth, therefore, seemed to approach even our humble cottage; on the other hand, I was aware that I had lost my best friend in the elder Eustace; for although the bachelor brothers agreed remarkably well with each other, I always found the young one more impenetrable as to his feelings, more particular in his habits, and more fidgetty in his temper."

"But surely, dear mamma, he was very, very good in one respect."

"In granting the annuity, you mean?"

"No, indeed! I mean in sending us home again to our little cottage, our little garden, and our little maid: what wretched creatures should we have been, if he had kept us in that great house, where, I conclude, there are dark oak wainscots, and tall ghostly pictures, like those at the hall, without the gardens and plantations which surround it? Most likely, too, I should have been commanded to cease my strumming, every time I laid my hand on the instrument; to mend stockings, when I took up a pencil; to read cookery books, instead of poems; and to work chair bottoms, instead of making card-racks. What a miserable bit of grandeur I should have been! and you, mamma, although at the head of the establishment in a lace cap and satin gown, would, ten times a day, have felt and looked like 'the distressed mother' in the tragedy."

"We have, undoubtedly, been much happier, my child, in the years that have passed, although I have had much to struggle with; as I dared not ask for more, lest the two gentlemen should discover that I was venturing to go beyond their intentions, in giving you those accomplishments which I considered, in your case, very valuable. If circumstances in our fortunes should brighten, you can now go into society as a gentlewoman; but, if they are withheld——"

"Then, mamma, I can gain my own subsistence: I can grow grave, and become a governess; or, I can make drawings, and send them to the repository, or paste wafer baskets, invent

curious pincushions, plait chip, work baby-caps, prick music; and do fifty things, like Madame Genlis, you know."

"No, indeed! my child, I do not know that, in any one of your many branches of business, you could, by possibility, obtain bread; by which I mean, of course, suitable provision for a well-born, young, and unprotected woman; however, we will not anticipate evil; notwithstanding the cruel silence observed towards us by the late Mr. Eustace in his will, has its effects on my spirits. If I keep my health—"

"Oh! you must, you will be well, mamma," cried the fond daughter, throwing her arms round the neck of her beloved mother, as tears sprung into the bright eyes, so lately glistening with smiles, "you will be well, and I shall be happy, and we shall want nothing: Edward will lend us books, I can turn my gown, and put borders to the frocks I have outgrown, and trim up your old bonnet once more, and play the same music over again: we shall want nothing, depend upon it."

With these words, Louisa skipped out of the room, eager to begin the work of improvement; but her mother, as she gazed with admiring eyes at her light, graceful form, knew not whether she should rejoice most in the activity of her mind, and the sweetness of her temper; or, regret that a being so formed to extend happiness to a wide circle of friends and dependants, should be crossed in so narrow a circle. Allied so closely to extensive wealth, and likely to be, within a few years, the single representative of an old and important, though not patrician, family, it appeared scarcely within probability, that she should be utterly unprovided for, when her relationship and her merit were considered; yet if her cousin died soon, his estate would descend to his uncle, who might leave that, and all his own accumulations to a stranger, for any thing that appeared. He displayed no affection, nor appeared to deem kindness a duty, beyond providing for her childhood: what then might be the issue of another year?

There was a question, also of a less important, but still momentous nature—Edward Forrester, the second son of the baronet we have mentioned, was now become a fine young man, and it was evident, that he felt more for his playfellow, as he was fond of calling Louisa, than, perhaps, was desirable for himself, or her. Till the death of the elder bachelor, it was evident that the baronet had willingly permitted the intimacy of Louisa

with all his children, and had even seen the partiality of Edward with pleasure; for he considered the old bachelor brothers as oddities and misers; but had believed that their lovely niece would, nevertheless, come in for a share of that wealth they could not bear to part with during life. The will of the elder had staggered these hopes; and a coldness was now visible towards the innocent girl, whom he had been wont to treat with the kindness of a father; and it was evident that poor Edward himself had some mental uneasiness, arising either from his father's observations, or his own fears, which threatened the happiness of Louisa not less than it affected his own.

B.

(To be continued.)

A COLOMBIAN MAGISTRATE.

In the evening, (says Mollien, in his Travels in the Republic of Colombia), we ascended the banks of the River Magdalena, and paid a visit to the alcaid, or magistrate of the village of San Pablo.—A field of bananas, a piragua for fishing, some dogs for hunting, an indifferent fowling-piece, and two hammocks, composed all his wealth! a pair of drawers, a linen shirt, and a straw-hat, all his stock of clothing! He walked barefoot, but yet, wretched as he was, he enjoyed in the village every imaginable prerogative; for besides the right of hearing and determining causes, it was his office to regulate the weights and measures, than which nothing could be more arbitrary,—a parcel of stones, whose value is perfectly conventional, serves as weights, while the scales are made of two calabashes, almost always unequal both in size and weight.

Such were the persons to whom in the more interior parts of the republic, the administration of justice was delegated, even so late as 1824!—the consummation of their independence, achieved since that period, has done much towards bettering the condition of the South Americans, and time will doubtless do much more; several wise regulations and salutary laws have been passed for this purpose; but a considerable period must necessarily elapse before established customs, private opinions, and local prejudices, will give way, even to the most manifest improvements.

THE WIDOW.

(Continued from page 102.)

On calling at the cottage, I found that the widow had peacefully terminated a life of lengthened sorrow and affliction; her bodily sufferings had ceased some short time before her release, and few and faint were her last struggles with the fell tyrant: when exhausted nature could no longer maintain the conflict, she gently bade adieu to mortality and suffering, after bidding a most affectionate and affecting farewell, to her beloved daughter. On entering the chamber of death, its solemn stillness, after a pause of a few moments, was interrupted by the agonized sobs of the afflicted girl; her grief was not violent, but it was evidently deep felt, and pungent. The corpse, beside which she sat, displayed none of the appalling features of death; a smile, serene, heavenly, seraphic, sat on its pallid features; nor could I forbear, as I surveyed it, mentally, to exclaim—

How blest is our sister, bereft

Of all that once burden'd her mind!

How easy the soul, that has left

This wearisome body behind!

Her languishing head is at rest,

Its thinking and aching are o'er;

This quiet, immoveable breast,

Is heav'd by affliction no more.

Her heart is no longer the seat

Of trouble and torturing pain;

It ceases to flutter and beat,

It never can sorrow again.

The eyes she so seldom could close,

By sorrow forbidden to sleep,

Seal'd up in Eternal repose,

Have strangely forgotten to weep.

On addressing the heart-broken girl, and offering her an asylum at the vicarage until, the funeral being past, we should be enabled to ascertain her exact situation, she respectfully, yet decidedly declined my proposal; no inducement of personal comfort, no exposition of personal inconvenience, could prevail on her to retire from a scene which the daughters of frivolity

consider as the grave of pleasure, and the boundary of happiness; no! firm in the resolves of filial duty, she determined to guard the sacred remains of an endeared parent with holy jealousy, and unwearied watchfulness, until the hour of eternal separation, when the decree of heaven should meet its fulfilment in the return of "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes." She however, opened her mother's desk, and confided to my care a packet of papers, which were marked, in the hand-writing of the widow, "Confidential," together with a letter from her mother, addressed to me, in the following terms:—

"Reverend sir,

"In confiding the accompanying papers to your care, I feel assured that I am not mistaken in the character of him to whom they are consigned: be pleased to give them an attentive perusal, and should you find them to possess aught of interest, I freely leave to your own discretion, any communication of their contents beyond the limits of your own family, and immediate friends: I am mainly anxious that, as far as they throw light on the connexions of my late husband, Sarah's father, they may one day be used for her advantage. The injustice shown to the parent may be atoned for by kindness to the child; at all events, the documents I possess, and the information which my diary conveys, may prove, in honest hands, beneficial to her interests. I leave my child to your protection, and to your counsel; her own good feeling and good sense will render the exercise of authority unnecessary; but should the weakness or inexperience of youth ever require the guidance of maturer years, I feel assured she will bow to the opinions, and follow the advice of him, whom I now appoint as her guardian, and whom, I hope, her own conduct may conciliate as a friend. Pardon, sir, the trouble I now impose on you; Sarah will be found worthy of your kindness, and should her education be sufficiently advanced, she would, I am convinced, prove a valuable and confidential governess to your little family; such, at least, are the hopes and wishes of a fond and attached mother. Many are the vicissitudes of fortune through which we have both passed, but her filial piety and devoted affection have never failed,—they have ever been my refuge, my comfort, and my recompense. That you may not refuse compliance with my solicitations on the plea that your ignorance of my family, as well as of myself, ought

to exempt you from being pressed to undertake such responsibility and care for a stranger, allow me to recal to your recollection those days of youthful happiness, when you and your friend Burnett were associated at college, and pledged to each other eternal friendship—in Sarah you will find the representative of your friend; his early days were those of guileless joy; but the unsuspectingness of a frank and generous heart, exposed him to the seductions of the designing; and, in his aberrations from rectitude and virtue, were laid the foundation of his own disgrace, and our misfortunes. But of this enough: let not the pen of his wife depict his errors; if he yet lives, he may one day repent and act honourably; but such a hope is more than I dare cherish. I have long been known as a widow, and for nearly twenty years have deemed myself such, nor has Sarah ever known a father's care, or imparted rapture to a father's heart. Let me conjure you—but my heart sinks at the retrospect of days so long departed, and my pen refuses to indite more than that, with a dying effort, I subscribe myself, your faithful

“EMMA BURNETT.”

The packet and the letter were soon examined, and as nothing in them referred to her wishes as to her interment, I gave those general directions which would secure a plain and decent burial for the widow. As I could not induce the daughter to give rest to her weary eyelids, I took my leave, promising a daily visit from either myself or my family, until she should finally remove to the vicarage.

In detailing the widow's story, I had, at one time, determined to throw her detached memoranda into one continued narrative: but I ultimately considered that whatever might be gained in the expression and accuracy of the composition, would be more than lost by the want of that *vis eloquentiæ* which results from the immediate utterance of the mind, when under the excitement or impression of recent circumstances. I shall, therefore, no longer detain the reader from this interesting piece of auto-biography; only observing that the correction of verbal or grammatical errors, and the suppression of names, is the only liberty I have taken with so much of the diary, as, in the exercise of the discretion confided to me, I have deemed it right to publish. Much of this journal was written under the pressure of deep affliction, or under the apprehension of personal danger; many passages

were penned in the recesses of the Pyrennees, amid the fatigues of military movements, and the bustle and confusion of rapid advances, or disastrous retreats; all passages of a political nature are omitted, as not bearing on the private history of the widow; but her observations on the state of foreign manners, morals, and society, are retained, as being both interesting and useful. The reader's sympathy and feelings will, we are assured, be highly excited, on many occasions, where heroic fortitude and patient suffering are displayed. We will not, however, enlarge on the merits of the story, but immediately afford our readers the means of deciding on it for themselves, by the following extracts from *THE WIDOW'S JOURNAL*.

D. D.

(To be continued.)

PALACE OF THE COLOMBIAN PRESIDENT.

It might be imagined, from the pompous title of palace, given to the ancient residence of the viceroys, which is now occupied by the president of the republic, that a sumptuous edifice would present itself: it is, however, nothing more than a house with a flat roof; two adjoining ones, much lower, ornamented with galleries, together with the prison, constitute the whole of its dependencies; here are also the offices of the ministers of state. Upon entering the palace, stair-cases without the least pretensions to elegance, and galleries equally devoid of taste, present themselves; no hall leads into the presence-chamber: it is entered either from the president's bed-room, or from a small anti-chamber. A few sofas covered with red damask, a worn-out Segovia carpet, some lamps suspended from the cross beams, which, for want of a ceiling, gave this part of the saloon the appearance of a barn, would make it difficult to conceive the idea of a palace, were not the apartment decorated with a throne covered with red damask, a few looking-glasses, glazed, and some wretched paintings. The idea of regality is still further increased by a troop of twenty hussars guarding the avenues; these, notwithstanding their want of boots and horses, and the wretched plight of their uniforms, give the stranger a hint that he is within the precincts of royalty.

— *Mollien's Travels in the Republic of Colombia.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY. A Poem. By Robert Montgomery, 1828. Crown 8vo.

We understand this volume is the production of a young candidate for poetic fame; and, as such, it is certainly creditable to his talents. The theme which he has chosen displays his confidence in his own powers, since it is one of the noblest which can occupy the consideration of a rational mind. If any fault can be found with the plan of this poem, it consists in its being too discursive; but this is a necessary consequence of the essential character of the subject, which is as comprehensive as nature itself, being bounded only by the imperfection of the human faculties.

M. de Chateauneuf, who became keeper of the seals to the French King, Louis XIII. was, when very young, introduced to a learned prelate, who, with a view to try the quickness of the child's faculties, said to him, "My dear, if you will tell me where God is, I will give you an orange." "And I, my Lord," replied the boy, immediately, "will give you ten, if you will tell me where he is not."—Since, then, an universal variety of topics present themselves for illustration of the omnipresence of the Deity. The difficulty of Mr. Montgomery's task must have consisted chiefly in the selection of such as were most strikingly appropriate to his purpose; and in this respect, we think he has been tolerably successful. The poem is divided into three parts. The first relates to the display of the influence of the Deity, as visible in the works of nature; the second is devoted to a consideration of the presence of the Deity, as influencing the changeful scenes and affairs of human life; and the last is dedicated to the exposure of the folly of Atheism.

In the execution of the design which the author has thus chalked out for himself, he exhibits both taste and genius; but, as in the case of most youthful bards, a deficiency of judgment, and carelessness of expression are occasionally visible. We had rather however dwell on beauties than on faults; and that this work is not destitute of the former, will be seen from the following passage:—

And lo! with drooping head, too sad to weep,
Poor Marian trembles down yon hamlet steep;
And oft averting from the stranger's eye,
She folds her faded cloak,—and heaves a sigh!
Days were, when beauty clad her virgin mien,
Her eye the mirror of a mind serene,—

Till Fortune whispered her delusive tale,
 Lured her weak heart, and won her from the vale;—
 Now, hapless, hopeless, from the city dome
 She hies remorseful to her village home;
 And wildly turns her deeply-pensive glance,
 As down the hawthorn lane her steps advance,
 Where, from the distant hill, the taper spire
 Points to the past, and fans her brain on fire;—
 No happy father hails his daughter now,
 No mother prints a blessing on her brow;
 Gone ev'n that cot, where oft at summer day
 She sat, and sweetly sung the hours away!

And now, along the yew-tree burial-ground,
 Where rank grass waves o'er many a narrow mound,
 The mourner strays—till one lone slab appears,
 The graven record of her parents' years!
 There, on the turfy heap, with trembling knees,
 Her lips convulsed, her ringlets in the breeze,
 She lifts her pity-pleading eye to Heaven,
 Swells a deep sigh, and prays to be forgiven:—
 Heaven smiles compassion on her deep distress,
 And wraps her to the bowers of blessedness!

We could extract various sublime and interesting delineations of natural or social imagery; but our limits compel us to forbear. This volume is dedicated, by permission, to the Bishop of London. Besides the principal poem, it contains several shorter pieces, one of which we have selected for the next month's poetical department of our miscellany.

COMING OUT, AND THE FIELD OF THE FORTY FOOTSTEPS,
 by Jane and Anna Maria Porter. 8 vols. London. 1828.

To delay noticing these volumes, would be injurious to our readers, who might interpret our silence into disapprobation; nor would it be otherwise than disrespectful to their authors: and yet we are unable to speak of them as fully as we could wish, serious indisposition having prevented us from giving them a careful perusal. Reserving, therefore, till our next number a more particular notice of them, we, at present, only observe that from what we have read, they do not, in any respect, appear inferior to the former productions of the same pens. Miss Jane Porter's story is founded on one of those traditionary local tales which appertain to many of our towns and villages. Whilst the names are preserved, the circumstances which have given birth to the appellations are fast fading from memory; and though Ellis and Brands' Popular Customs, and the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine, and the County Topographical Histories, with

which our literature abounds, cannot fail to preserve some of them from oblivion, yet many, if not most, are daily becoming forgotten and obsolete. Living at no great distance from the scene of *Miss Porter's Tale*, we were unconscious of the story, till we received it from her pages. We will not, however, at present, enlarge, reserving a more detailed notice of these volumes till our next number.

A SELECTION OF POPULAR NATIONAL AIRS, WITH SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS. The words by Thomas Moore, Esq. London. 1828.

In our view, neither 'The Loves of the Angels,' 'Lalla Rookh,' nor his 'Miscellaneous Poems,' have contributed to Mr. Moore's celebrity, in any degree equal to his 'Irish Melodies.' It was once observed by one, himself no mean orator or statesman, that he cared not so much what were the laws, as what was the national poetry. Every one knows what influence 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,' has on the heart of an Irishman; and the plains of Egypt will testify how powerfully the national music operates in reviving a drooping heart, and giving the impulse of desperation to the languor of fatigue. Where poetry speaks to the heart, and to the feelings, it speaks powerfully and eloquently; enlisting the sympathies and the passions of the soul in its behalf. No writer can better kindle the glow of enthusiasm, or excite the finer feelings of the human breast, than Mr. Moore. His imagery and similes are always appropriate and happy; and there is a charm in his verse which no language can describe, but which every mind of delicacy and feeling must appreciate. There are eleven airs in the present selection; all distinguished by feeling, sweetness, and pathos. We will not say that they are equal in merit, or all equal to Mr. Moore's former productions; nevertheless, we do think they will sustain his already well-earned fame, and render his readers anxious to meet him in the same field of poetry.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CHARACTER, LITERARY, PROFESSIONAL, AND RELIGIOUS, OF THE LATE JOHN MASON GOOD, M.D. F.R.S. &c. By Olinthus Gregory, LL. D. 1828. 8vo.

Biography is among the most highly interesting of the various departments of literature; the history of one distinguished author, from the pen of another, therefore, certainly excited in our minds anticipations of gratification, which, we are sorry to say, have not been altogether realized in the perusal of this work. Indeed, Dr. Gregory himself says, in his preface, "On looking over the sheets, as the printing has approached its conclusion, I have noticed many things, which I could wish altered, and a few which I believe had better been omitted; but all must now remain." When to this candid avowal we add, that the undertaking was carried on under the depression arising from illness, it would be illiberal to comment

with harshness, on a production, which, in spite of its defects, is calculated to advance the interests of virtue and science.

These Memoirs are divided into three sections: the first, devoted to the personal history of Dr. Good; the second, to an account of his writings; and the third, to the developement of his religious character.

The subject of this piece of biography was not only a man of eminence in his profession, but was, also, distinguished for his intellectual powers and moral worth. As a pleasing specimen of his lighter productions, we subjoin a copy of verses, written on his marriage, at the age of twenty-one, with a lady who was two years younger.

" PARADISE.

" When first in Eden's balmy bowers

Man passed his solitary hours,

In bliss but half complete,

To heaven he raised his anxious prayer,

And sought some gentler form to share

The rich, luxuriant seat.

" That gentler form immediate rose;

The sire of man with rapture glows,

He weds the lovely prize:

Ah! doomed to changes too perverse,—

His very blessing proves a curse,

His Eden instant flies.

" Not thus for me this lot of woe,

Which Adam first sustained below;

The partial fates decree;

That bridal state,—those genial hours,

Which lost him Eden's balmy bowers,

Give Eden all to me."

The happiness of the poetical bridegroom was; unfortunately, of short duration, as the lady died of consumption, in a little more than six months after marriage.

THE WHITE HOODS; an Historical Romance. By Anna Eliza Bray.

late Mrs. C. Stothard. 1828. 3 vols. 12mo.

This, like Mrs. Bray's former production, "De Foix," belongs to a class of works which the success of Sir Walter Scott, as a novelist, has rendered extremely popular. Waiving, for the present, all discussion as to the merits or demerits of historical romances, as contrasted with narratives purely fictitious, we proceed to remark that the fair writer of these volumes has interwoven, with an interesting story, picturesque descriptions of the

scenes and manners of former times, and lively delineations of personal character.

The events which she relates, are supposed to have happened in Flanders, in the fourteenth century. Anna, the heroine of the tale, who is the daughter of Mr. John Lyon, deacon of the pilots, at Ghent, is at the same time sought by the Earl of Flanders, as a mistress, and by one Gilbert Matthew, as a wife. She rejects, alike, her honourable and her dishonourable suitor, her heart being previously captivated by a mysterious youth, who calls himself Henry de Cassel. Through the intrigues of her rejected admirer, Matthew, her father is deprived of his lucrative office; and shortly after, having been engaged in a tavern brawl, in which murder is committed, he takes refuge in a solitary house, belonging to his nephew, Peter du Bois. Here are concealed a party of conspirators against the government; and Anna going to see her father, is obliged to pass through their place of assembly. She is seized by the plotters, and compelled, as the price of liberty, to swear that she will not betray the secret of the conspiracy. In order to save her father from the danger that awaited him, in consequence of the murder which had happened at the tavern, she determines, however repugnant to her feelings, to present to the Earl a petition for a pardon. After an ineffectual attempt to approach him for that purpose, on a public occasion, she obtains a private interview with the prince in his garden; and her paramour renewing his overtures of love, and construing, in his own favour, her silence, which arose from confusion and timidity, grants her request. At the same time, he makes Anna a present of a gold chain, which had been worn by Bianca, his discarded mistress, who had become connected with Philip Von Artaveld, a bold and factious leader of the populace of Ghent. This woman accidentally meets with Anna, wearing the Earl's love-token round her neck; and becoming inflamed with rage against her inconstant admirer, she incites Von Artaveld to join in the conspiracy of Lyon, Du Bois, and their companions, against their sovereign. The time chosen for an insurrection of the conspirators is during a public exhibition of feats in archery. A riot takes place, and during its progress, Ursula, an old woman, wearing a white hood, who is a kind of Flemish Meg Merrilies, and one of the principal characters of the story, ascends a platform, and stimulates the populace to acts of violence, by exclaiming "Von Artaveld! the White Hoods for liberty! the White Hoods for Ghent!" The mob caught the expression, and *The White Hoods* henceforward became the watch-word of the party. The civil discord which ensues, with the intrigues, battles, sieges, and various rencontres that are the result of the struggle for power, are too complicated to admit of an abridged notice; and we therefore hasten to the conclusion. In the course of events, Lyon, the father of the heroine, is poisoned by the Countess of Flanders; and Anna, herself, is about to swallow the noxious potion, when she is saved from destruction

by her favoured lover, Henry de Cassel. He proves to be Sir Walter D'Engbien, nephew of the Earl of Flanders; and the romance concludes, as usual, with the marriage of the lady and the knight, and the punishment of the traitors, Gilbert, Matthews, and Ursula, who are consigned to the executioner.

Such is the outline of the story, which is filled up with much historical information, and some interesting scenes, and lively sketches of character and manner. As a specimen of the style of this work, we give the delineation of the heroine.—

"Anna was seated in an apartment of her father's house in Ghent, which John Lyon had exclusively appropriated for his daughter, and which in our times would be called by a lady her boudoir. Her lute and rebeck lay upon a table, near which a few manuscript volumes, that formed her library, were placed within a fine cabinet of Indian manufacture. These volumes consisted of the lives of some of the most eminent Catholic saints, a book of songs, virelays, and roundelays, a few of the Italian poets, (for Anna was not ignorant of their language,) and a little illuminated book, which she prized more than all the rest, as it contained the songs and poems of a friend who had written them out for her, and had caused the work to be thus illustrated, to enhance the value of the gift. A crucifix, with a missal lying near its base, was seen in a small recess of the chamber; and a frame containing a piece of tapestry, upon which the taste and industry of the fair Anna was exercised, stood near the grated window. The lovely mistress of the chamber sat in a thoughtful posture, with her arm that supported her head resting upon the table, and in her hand she held a letter, which she had just been reading with attention. Anna was attired in a gown of black velvet, embroidered with gold, yet simple in its fashion. It had only the tight sleeves as low as the wrist, without the encumbrance of those long and hanging ones, which sometimes served the ladies for the purpose of a pocket, as well as a part of ornamental dress. The gown set close to her shape, and terminating just above the bosom, left the neck bare, whose clear and transparent hue was finely contrasted by the deep rich black of the velvet. Her hair, parted in front, turned up, and bound together at the back of the head, (whose form was perfectly seen by this simple fashion,) was covered by a thin veil of silver tissue, and encircled with a fillet or chaplet of pearls.

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"Such was the casket in which it had pleased Heaven to place the rare jewel of her mind. Anna was naturally good, open-hearted, and tender, with a more than ordinary share of timidity, which had been fostered by the secluded manner of her education. But what might have been deemed an advantage to most females in early life—entire seclusion, with her, perhaps, had been prejudicial; since it had fostered not only her timidity, but an uncommonly imaginative turn of mind: and as all persons endowed

with that finer quality of the soul are invariably prone to romance, or the *beau-ideal* of things, her imagination, uncorrected by any intercourse with the world, (which is perhaps the most certain remedy against the charming dreams it creates,) had led her to expect human life and its events to be modelled after the manner in which her vivid conception had presented them to her mind; where romance had thrown around her an existence all sunshine, beauty, and innocence. She suspected no one of guile; she thought no one capable of treachery; and, almost unconscious of the motive, she resolved to look upon the world and all things in it such as her fancy had delighted to pourtray."

A HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By Washington Irving. 4 vols. 8vo. London. 1828.

The discovery of the New World was not only the solution of a Geographical Problem of vast importance and interest to the cause of science, but led in its results to the most important influence on the destiny, happiness, and prosperity of the Eastern hemisphere. Navigation, which stands so intimately connected with the interests of humanity, civilization, and religion, was then in its infancy; but encouraged by the success of Columbus, it soon attempted greater things, and gaining strength by the very exertion of its infant powers, soon attained a maturity of vigour, and a large measure of success. How far the real prosperity of the mother country was ultimately promoted by the colonization of the Western World, is a question which, but for experience, might be deemed both complicated and difficult. The vast wealth which flowed from the mines of America into Spain, gave an eclat and a temporary impulse to the power and grandeur of the Spanish monarchy; but it left the national character effeminated and its virtue tainted. The Chivalric heroism of the inhabitants gradually declined; the insolence of wealth and power in the nobles increased, as the mass of the people became degraded and ignorant.

"Wealth," says the author of the history of America, "which flows in gradually, and with moderate increase, feeds and nourishes that activity which is friendly to commerce, and calls it forth into vigorous and well-conducted exertions; but when opulence pours in suddenly, and with too full a stream, it overturns all sober plans of industry, and brings along with it a taste for what is wild, and extravagant, and daring, in business or action."

"Intoxicated," he elsewhere observes, "with the wealth which pours in without labour or anxiety, men desert the paths of industry to which they had been accustomed." To this source may be attributed that deterioration of character by which the Spanish nation has been so marked and so degraded. The wealth of Peru and Mexico proved her bane and her misfortune. Whoever looks into the reign of the second Philip, will perceive the rapid change which was now effecting in the condition of both

the monarch and his people. His successor, Philip III. by the weakness of his administration, still further depressed the energies of his country, whose vigour continued to decrease and sink into the lowest decline. The colonies perpetually drained it of its best citizens and hardiest sons, who sought in the new world that rapid growth of wealth which the oppressions at home denied. Under a prudent government all these evils might have been avoided, and the prosperity of the colonies rendered subservient to the interests of the parent state."

Leaving, however, these speculations, it cannot be denied, that a lasting debt of gratitude is due to him who, by genius and courage, called, as it were, a new world into existence. The character of Columbus, and the various fortunes of his life, have been well and impartially described by Dr. Robertson; but it must be acknowledged, that much remained to be told of his private history, and of the various political machinations and intrigues by which his success had been nearly defeated. The materials of such a history might, it is presumed, be best found in the archives of Madrid; but, unfortunately, the state of political feeling, and the general degradation of Spanish genius and character, have long forbid the expectation that their materials would be either beneficially or impartially used by native writers. In Mr. Irving, however, Columbus has found a biographer every way qualified to discharge the duties of an historian—already well-known in the literary world as a writer of no mean talents and industry—as a citizen of the western world, interested in its history and its honour—possessing sources of information inaccessible to most other writers, by his residence and connexions at Madrid, we could not fail to derive from his pen both interest and profit. The reader of Robertson's *America* will often find that, after the best lights which the historian's industry has thrown on the events of that period, much of perplexity and uncertainty yet rest on them, The intrigues, which, at that time prevailed in the courts of Ferdinand and Isabella, and which had nearly deprived Columbus of the honour to which he subsequently attained, have ever appeared to the impartial and unprejudiced, perfectly inexplicable. Quintanilla and Santangol have gained to themselves immortal honour by the zeal with which they promoted his "splendid scheme;" and yet even their zeal and their influence had failed of success but for a favourable conjuncture of affairs, in the surrender of Grenada, which left Isabella at liberty to consider the proposition of Columbus. It is in this portion of the history that Mr. Irving's information will be found most important, impartial, and original; and we admire the diligence and fidelity with which he has performed his undertaking. We have already exceeded our usual limits, and yet we have scarcely entered on the more interesting portions of the work. Our opinion may be inferred without difficulty; and that opinion we shall endeavour to justify by some future extracts from this well-timed and valuable history.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION,

FOR MARCH, 1828.

CARRIAGE-DRESS.

A *PELISSE* of sea-green *gros de Naples*: the boddice is made quite plain to the figure, over which is worn a *pelerine* trimmed with rich blond. Sleeves *a la Marie*, with full *mancherons*, and points at the hands; the whole finished by a corresponding trimming. The skirt is very full, folding over, and confined to the left side, each wave edged with narrow but very rich blond. Over a *blouse* cap of lace is worn a velvet hat, with floating strings of black and brightest geranium red: puffings of the same variegated riband ornament the crown in various fanciful forms. A *fichu* is worn under the pelisse, headed by a triple ruff of lace, fastened with satin rosettes. Gold bracelets, inlaid with coral.—Kid shoes, and lemon-coloured gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of bright amber-coloured gauze, worn over a soft white satin slip. The boddice is full, and rather high on the bust, trimmed with double pipings of satin and a delicate blond edging. The sleeves are round, full, and large, with *mancherons*, and a *bouquet* of flowers next the bust. The skirt is trimmed all round in the Swiss fashion, with a deep border laid on the bias, plain, but finished with vandykes of satin, in four rows, each surmounted by a light *bouquet* of flowers and foliage. A pearl necklace, clasped with brilliant topaz; gold bracelets, clasped with the same; Indian fan; and handkerchief of finest lawn, edged with narrow Valenciennes lace. Long white kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

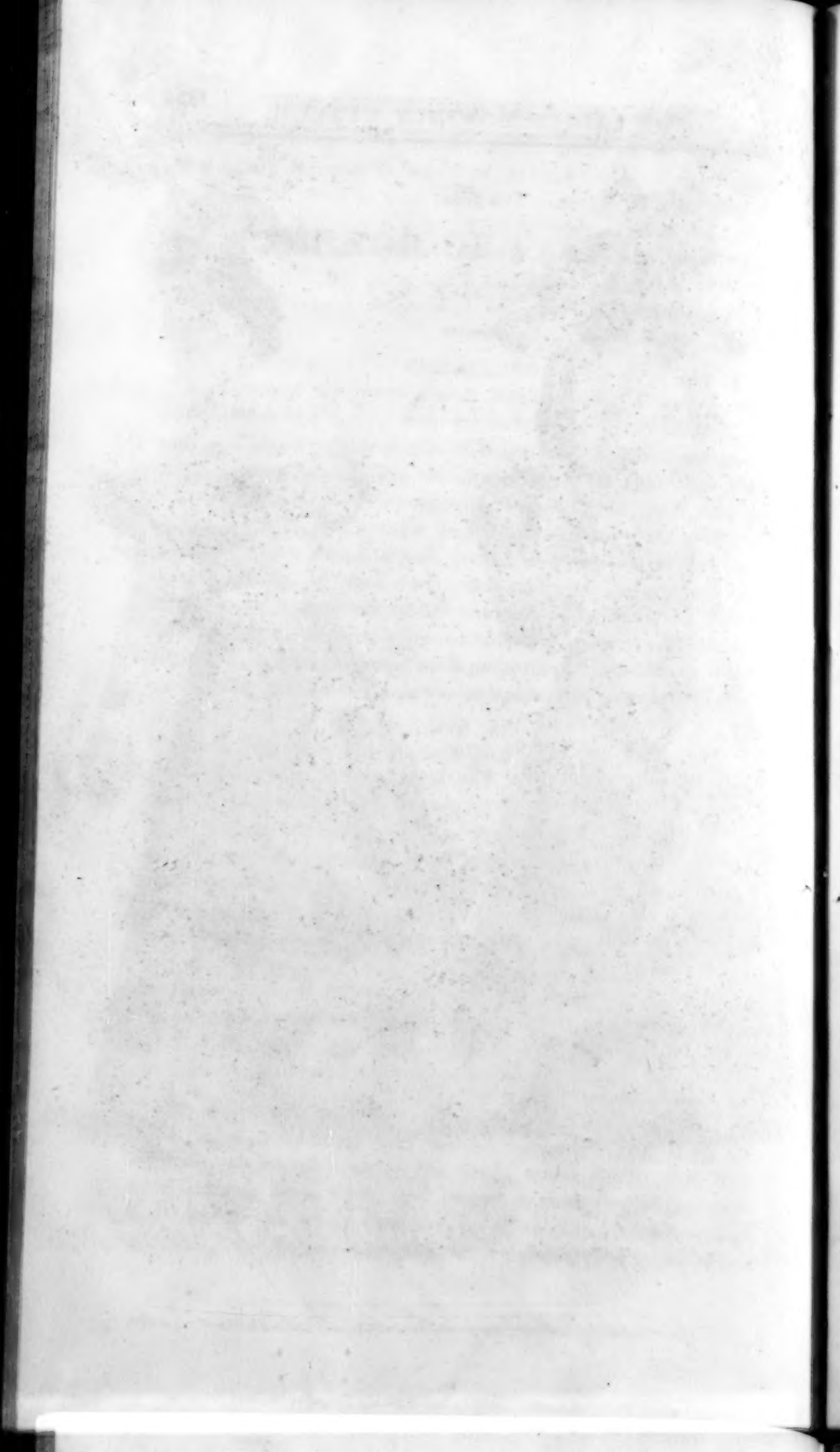
HEAD-DRESS.

THE fashionable head-dress for the present month, surpasses in elegance every thing that has yet appeared. The bows are elevated considerably above the head, much lighter than they have hitherto been worn, and impart a character of lightness and taste to the whole head-dress. From this arrangement of the hair, the flowers and ribands are introduced with much



Fashionable Carriage & Evening Dresses for March 1828.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint Edward Street Portman Square.



greater effect. Gold flowers, or riband of silver or gold tissue, are generally in favour. The front hair is drest in full light curls, and brought very forward.

For these elegant and tasteful dresses we are indebted to the inventive genius of Miss PIERPOINT, 12, Edward-street, Portman-square; and for the fashionable head-dress, to Mr. COLLEY, 28, Bishopsgate-within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE mantles or cloaks for the present month are beautifully made, and tend to improve the form rather than otherwise. Many of them have sleeves attached to the arm-holes, which have a much more graceful effect than the Persian draperies. The black velvet pelerine capes, now almost universally worn with cloaks, are justly admired. On brown, grey, or any light colours, they are truly elegant. Mantelets of Russian fur are in great favour over pelisses, or high dresses of Merino, or British cachemire. Some round pelerines have been seen on Merino dresses, of the same colour and material as the gown: they are trimmed round with very dark fur, and are made in the same form and of the same size as a Russian mantelet, nearly touching the elbow. The most elegant silk pelisse now worn is of bright ruby-coloured *gros de Naples*, lined throughout with white satin. The sleeves *à la Marie*, but not so wide, nor so much stiffened at the shoulders as formerly. The pelisse is finished by a bias fold round the border, and is ornamented down each side in the same manner, where it closes in front. A pelerine cape is worn with almost every pelisse, and is of the same material.

The bonnets are of a most beautiful shape: we have seen one of black velvet, so tasteful in its simple ornaments, and sitting so well on the head, and next the face, that it was generally admired. A white satin bonnet of a most becoming shape, has just been completed for a young and blooming bride. It was ornamented by a very broad blond at the edge, of a most rich and splendid pattern.

Black velvet bonnets are very general; but even when the ornaments are black, the strings are invariably coloured: they consist of a very broad, richly-figured riband, generally on a scarlet ground, which, crossed and tied slightly under the chin,

present the appearance of a cravat-scarf, as they lie on the bust. Some ladies have immense puffs of the same riband mingled among those of velvet; these look well and enliven the sombre appearance of the bonnet. The favourite ornaments on carriage hats consist of feathers of the weeping-willow kind, or two or three *esprit* feathers; though some young ladies place richly-coloured flowers, appropriate to winter, in their black bonnets.—Coloured silk and satin bonnets are only partially worn: those of yellow satin have the crown almost covered with puffs of chequered riband, black, on a yellow ground; the bonnets are large, but of a very becoming shape, and confined closely under the chin by strings the same as the riband which trimmed the crown.

Half-dresses of lapis and lavender-grey *gros de Naples*, are in high favour. Dresses of Cyprus crape, elegantly figured, are a charming article for evening and dress dinner parties; they are simply finished round the border by a full *râche*. The *corsage* is made plain, to fit the shape, and being low, the tucker part is surrounded by a broad falling of blond. The sleeves are long and confined at the wrists by two gold bracelets. Dresses of coloured *gros de Naples* have generally white long sleeves of *tulle*, Japanese gauze, or crape. Watered *gros de Naples* robes, of a beautiful pearl grey, are much in favour for evening parties. Chintzes are still in favour for morning attire, and even for home costume. Ball-dresses are chiefly of gauze, richly figured, both white and coloured. We have seen a beautiful ball-dress of Indian taffety, with a full broad fluting of white *tulle*, at the border, crossed over in treillage work, by *rouleaux* of white satin, edged on one side with blue and yellow. The body was in the Circassian style; the sleeves were short and full, confined in the middle by a row of diamonds. Evening dresses of pink satin are much admired: they are trimmed with a broad puckering of *tulle*, or gauze, round the border of the skirt; on which are laid pink satin leaves, edged round with a narrow black *rouleau*. The bodies are made plain and low; round the tucker part of the dress is a row of Spanish points, edged with a quilling of white blond, or *tulle*.

Caps, for receiving dinner parties at home, are of the turban kind, with floating strings; they are of very fine lace, or blond, and are ornamented with beautiful sprigs of flowers,

the colour suitable to the dress. Young ladies ornament their hair with diadem combs of beautiful workmanship; polished steel is again in favour for this purpose. These combs have the gallery part finely set and wrought; and, by candle-light, rival the finest brilliants. The Armenian turban of white crape and gold fringe, is a favourite head-dress for married ladies. Large *béret* turbans of coloured gauze are also much in request. The newest dress-hat is of white crape elegantly ornamented with white feathers. Caps for morning costume are of fine Mechlin lace, trimmed with bows of coloured gauze riband. *Bérets* for full-dress parties are ornamented with small coloured feathers, which fall gracefully over the front.

The most fashionable colours are Parma-violet, Indian-red, pink, ethereal blue, and the various shades of grey.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Paris, February 15th, 1828.

The pelisses most in favour for the present month are chiefly of gros de Naples, figured and plain, agreeably to the fancy of the wearer. They are fastened down in front of the skirt with straps, having a small button at each point. There are also some pelisses of poplin and of figured merino, with large pelerine capes of the same material, but those of fur are generally preferred. Pelisses of velvet or satin are made very plain for the promenade; their large, double pelerine capes fall as low as the elbow. When the weather is mild, a very fashionable out-door costume consists of a high dress of French cachemire, of a camel's-hair-brown, with a large black velvet pelerine. Among the beautiful toilets at the Tuilleries, was a pelisse of bright green gros de Naples, embroidered around with a garland of smooth silk, representing small eyelets of clear green; this pelisse had two pelerine capes embroidered in a similar manner. The lady who wore it had a hat of green velvet ornamented with a long green willow, gradually shaded and corresponding perfectly to the pelisse. The effect of the whole was most striking.

Young ladies wear hats of plain black velvet; the brims are very large, and the crown high. The only additional ornament on such hats consists of a bow of satin placed behind at the base of the crown, the ends of which are long and floating. Hats of green velvet are ornamented with a profusion of satin bows and velvet, disposed all around the crown. Bonnets of black satin

are lined with cherry-colour, the edge of the brim is bound with the same tint as the lining, and the crown is encircled with bands to correspond: above these is a bias band of black and cherry-colour, which is twisted in that way so as to discover alternately the black and the cherry colour. Some black velvet hats are ornamented with a long feather, fastened on the right side of the crown by a cockade of black satin ribband. In morning dress, a hat of gros de Naples is generally bordered by a half-veil of blond.

Among the poplin dresses now so much in vogue, there are some figured in the most charming patterns, in shining silk; at the border are two rows of blond, in festoons, supported by acorn tassels, in silk of exquisite workmanship. Walking dresses are made rather short, and discover a portion of the half-boot. Indian taffeties, with very broad-coloured stripes on a white ground, are much in favour: they are generally bordered with two broad flounces, cut in bias. Merino dresses, and those of embroidered cachemire, are still in great request: they are made high, with a wide stomacher, buttoning on each shoulder, and are surmounted at the throat by a full ruff of tulle. A broad sash, and the skirt plaited all round of an equal fullness, make the waist appear rather slender. They are confined at the wrists by a beautifully enamelled button.

Dresses of coloured gauze, with rich satin stripes, are in great favour for the ball-room. Black satin dresses are bordered with broad bias folds of velvet, cut in notches, round which is a narrow black blond, set on full. A small velvet pelerine, with a very broad blond trimming, is generally worn with this dress.

Bérêts of black velvet, ornamented in front with two *aigrettes*, are much worn. A very beautiful cap has appeared; the crown is *treillage* work, formed of rouleaux of rose-coloured satin; the other part ornamented with black blond: it is adorned in front with full-blown red roses. Bows of satin and gold riband are favourite ornaments on head-dresses of hair, particularly at concerts. Blond caps, ornamented with detached bouquets, and a coronet composed of pink and white marabouts, are much admired. Bouquets are universally worn in dress parties: they are composed of artificial flowers, among which white roses are conspicuous.

The most fashionable colours are *ponceau*, blue, cherry-colour, green, pearl-grey, and camel's-hair-brown.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE TALE OF WOMAN'S HEART.

Oh! dost thou wish me to impart
The plaintive tale of woman's heart?
Come, then, 'tis evening's pensive hour;
Come to yon silent woodbine bower:
Then, where the summer gales are mute,
With cypress will I wreath my lute;
And sadly, tearfully impart
The mournful tale of woman's heart.

In childhood's fairest, brightest years,
Her early smiles are chased by tears;
Reproofs subdue, restrictions bind
Her bounding will, and soaring mind;
Her joys delude, her pastimes fly,
Her buds and blossoms droop and die;
And disappointment's constant smart
Inures to grief her infant heart.

Youth comes,—Again that heart is light,
The glittering world seems gay and bright;
She seeks for pleasures fresh and new,
She looks for friends sincere and true;
Alas! her fitful pleasures fade,
Her fleeting friendships are betrayed;
And, one by one, the dreams depart,
That soothed and blessed her youthful heart.

New joys, new griefs are hers to prove:
She yields her trusting heart to love.
Love—oh! what mighty thoughts are stirred
By that all-potent conquering word!

Love, that can lightly, gaily scan
With passing wing, the mind of man,—
But reigns, in its resistless art,
The sovereign of Woman's heart.

Perchance her heart is doomed to burn
With love that does not meet return ;
In secret grief, in silent shame,
She cherishes her hapless flame ;
Her spirits sink, her bloom is gone ;
All hopes desert her mind, but one,—
The hope that death will soon impart
Peace to her lone and widowed heart.

Perchance she loves,—is loved again,
And prudence pours a warning strain ;
Officious friends advise, reprove,
And speak of wealth, and scoff at love ;
She yields to caution's rigid laws,
She meets the icy world's applause ;
But stern remorse has fixed his dart
For ever in her bleeding heart.

Perchance she forms a worthless choice,
And meets the world's rebuking voice ;
She hears the name so loved, so dear,
Pronounced with scorn, with taunts severe :
She owns them just,—her soul is tried
By rival passions—love and pride.
Ah ! pride removes not love's keen dart,
But bids it fester in her heart.

Perchance her feelings all approve,
She wins her first, her only love :
Alas ! she soon must learn to brook
The hasty word, the frigid look,
The trivial, but repeated slight,
That chills the spirit, like a blight,—
Oh ! hourly thus will man impart
New trials to fond woman's heart.

Such is her lot,—in soul, in mind,
From infancy, debased, confined ;

Forbid to win renown and fame,
Condemned to duties dull and same:
Love is the sweet and single ray,
That sparkles on her lonely way;
She sees that meteor light depart,
And darkness shrouds her joyless heart.

And would'st thou I her lot should trace,
When beauty's bloom deserts her face?
When gazers pass unkindly by
Her faded cheek and rayless eye;
When he,—the loved one of her youth,
Breathes at a fairer shrine his truth?
Oh! cease,—nor ask me to impart
That last sad scene of woman's heart.

Hark! round our bower the night-winds rise,
Dark clouds o'erspread the murky skies,
The rain descends in gusty showers,
And bends the woodbine's drooping flowers.
My tale is o'er—these clouds, this gloom,
Where all was lately warmth and bloom,
Its sad and mournful close impart,
And tell the wreck of woman's heart.

M. A.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, Mother,—tears are streaming

Down thy tender, pallid cheek!

I, in gems and roses gleaming,

On eternal sunshine dreaming,

Scarce this sad farewell may speak:

Farewell, mother! now I leave thee,

And thy love unspeakable!

One to cherish, who may grieve me;

One to trust, who may deceive me;

Farewell, mother!—fare thee well!

Farewell, father!—thou art smiling,—

Yet there's sadness on thy brow,—

A mingled joy and languor,—whiling

All my heart, from that beguiling

Tenderness, to which I go.

Farewell, father!—thou didst bless me,

Ere my lips thy name could tell

He may wound, who should caress me;

Who should solace, may oppress me,

Father, guardian!—fare thee well!

Farewell, sister!—thou art twining

Round me, in affection deep;

Gazing on my garb so shining,

Wishing "Joy," but ne'er divining

Why a blessed bride should weep.

Farewell, sister!—have we ever

Suffered wrath our breasts to swell?

E'er gave looks or words that sever

Those who should be parted never?—

Sister—dearest!—fare thee well!

Farewell, brother!—thou art brushing

Gently off these tears of mine,

And the grief that fresh was gushing,

Thy most holy kiss is hushing;

Can I e'er meet love like thine?

Farewell! brave and gentle brother,

Thou—more dear than words may tell,—

Love me yet,—although another

Claims Ianthe!—Father! mother!

All beloved ones,—fare ye well!

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"In Memory of Mary." "A wounded Spirit who can bear." "The Moon on the Ocean shines sweetly to-night," are received, and will be inserted as space may occur.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of the "Annals of Wiersdale," by A.—T.—, and contributions by E.—, which a press of business this month has prevented our reading; but they shall receive our earliest attention.

"Stanzas" by Y. Y., and the "Elopement," by Anna, are inadmissible.



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